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THE  
Comical History  
OF  
Don QUIXOTE,

As it is Acted at both Theatres.

By His MAJESTIES SERVANTS.

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PART II.

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Written by Mr. *Dursey*.

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L O N D O N,

Printed for *H. Newman* at the *Grass-hopper* in  
the *Poultry*, and *R. Wellington* at the *Dolphin*  
in *St. Paul's Church-yard*, 1702.



To the Right Honourable Charles Earl of Dorset  
and Middlesex, Lord Chamberlain of their  
Majesties Household, and Knight of the most  
noble Order of the Garter, &c.

MY LORD,

AS in old Times, when Wit had flourish'd long,  
And *Rome* was famous for Poetick Song,  
The learned Bards did round *Mecenas* throng:  
To him, as Wit's Dictator, brought their Store  
And Standard, that best tri'd the Muses Ore.  
So in our *Albion*, tho' her Bards are few,  
Yet each one covers a Dictator too.  
And for *Mecenas*, fix (my Lord) on you.  
You, like the famous *Indian* Gourd, are set,  
Under whose shade, sits cool each pigmy Wit,  
Free from the railing Criticks blasting heat.  
Let the rich Spring flow clear, or be impure,  
Fenc'd with your Name, the Poet is secure:  
Your Wit's a Sanctuary, where each one  
Is safe, that wisely does for Refuge run.

The roving *Icarus* in Poetry,  
By you is levell'd, when he soars too high.  
By Judgments Rules and awful Sense reclaim'd,  
The wild High-flyer is to Nature tam'd:  
Nor does the grovelling Muse crawl off asham'd,  
But by your mild Reproof his Faults discern;  
Made fit for Fame, if not too proud to learn.  
Each Genius still, is by your Candor priz'd,  
The Great not flatter'd, nor the Less despis'd.  
For as great *Maro*, *Naso*, *Flaccus*, may  
In your indulgent Beams with freedom play;  
So *Bavius* too, and *Mævius* uncontroul'd,  
May busk about—and grac'd with Smiles, be bold.  
Oh boundless Glory! yet for ease too great,  
Anxious, tho' prais'd, and restless in its State:  
Wit's Fate, and that of Sovereignty's the same,  
Both sit high crown'd, both plagu'd by too much Fame.  
As Courtiers for Preferment teasing come,  
And at the *Levee* throng a Monarch's Room.  
So when *Apollo* Crowns a darling Son,  
The lesser Tribe will all be pushing on,  
To get a Scien of his sacred Bays,  
To plant their Credit in succeeding days.

Thus



## The Epistle Dedicatory.

Thus your Renown—your Trouble does increase;  
Less great, (my Lord) you had been more at ease.  
Like Heroes, that to War unsummon'd come;  
If less Courageous, had been safe at home.  
A common Fate best suits with common Clay,  
Stamp'd off in haste upon the first Essay,  
But Poets are not Products of a Day.  
Kings Reign by Conquest, Choice, or Right of Birth;  
Souldiers get Fame—and Grandees share the Earth.  
But Wit's a Prize so rare, there scarce appears  
One mighty *Darwin* in a Thousand Years:  
And then too, Heaven that knows the Gift is great,  
Thinks one enough to honour the whole State.  
Thus are the two great Blessings, Wit and Love,  
Kept (as sublimest) with most care above.  
Heaven grants us sparingly of both a taste,  
One rarely found, and t'other not to last;  
Lest the weak Mortal, in his Extasie,  
Like the first Man, may know too much and dye:  
Yet has this nice forbidden Fruit, which Heaven  
From Millions keeps, to you been frankly given:  
You have (my Lord) a Patent from above,  
And can monopolize both Wit and Love;  
Inspir'd and blest, by Heavens peculiar care,  
Ador'd by all the Wise, and all the Fair;  
To whom the World united give this due,  
*Best Judge of Men, and best of Poets too.*

Please to permit me then, as all the rest  
Of Muses Sons already have address'd;  
Thus, for your Patronage, to make appeal  
The last Attending, but the first in Zeal.  
Let but this Play the usual Grace receive,  
And if your generous Breath says—Let it live,  
Don *Quixote* then, is fix'd in deathless Glory,  
And *Sancho*, on the Stage is famous as in Story.

Which is,

*My Lord,*

*The humble Suit of your Lordships most obliged*

*and eternally devoted Servant,*

**T. Duffey.**



# THE PREFACE.

**T**HE good Success which both the Parts of *Don Quixote* have had, either from their Natural Merit, or the Indulgence of my Friends, or both, ought sufficiently to satisfy me, that I have no reason to value the little Malice of some weak Heads, that make it their business to be simply Criticizing.

I will therefore desist from any Answer in that kind, and wholly rely upon, and please my self, with the good Opinion and kind Censure of the Judicious, who unanimously declare, that I have not lessened my self in the great Undertaking, of drawing two Plays out of that ingenious History, in which, if I had flagg'd either in Stile or Character, it must have been very obvious to all Eyes; but on the contrary, I have had the honour to have it judg'd, that I have done both *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* Justice, making as good a Copy of the first as possible, and furnishing the last with newer and better Proverbs of my own, than he before diverted ye with.

Besides, I think I have given some additional Diversion in the continuance of the Character of *Marcella*, which is wholly new in this Part, and my own Invention; the design finishing with more pleasure to the Audience, by punishing that Coy Creature by an extravagant Passion here, that was so inexorable and cruel in the first Part, and ending with a Song, so incomparably well sung, and acted by *Mrs. Bracegirdle*, that the most Envious do allow, as well as the most Ingenious affirm, that 'tis the best of that kind ever done before.

Then I must tell my severe Censurers, who will be spitting their Venom against me, tho' to no purpose, that I deserve some acknowledgment for drawing the Character of *Mary the Buxom*, which was intirely my own, and which I was not obliged to the History at all for, there being no mention of her there, but that *Sanchica*, which was her right name, was found washing in a River by the Duke's Page, and leap'd up behind him on Horseback to guide him to carry her Father's Letter to her Mother; yet by making the Character humorous,



## THE PREFACE.

morons, and the extraordinary well acting of Mrs. Verbruggen, it is by the best Judges allowed to be a Master-piece of Humour.

The rest of the Characters in both the Parts were likewise extremely well performed, in which I had as much Justice done me as I could expect, nor was the Musical part less commendable, the Words every where being the best of mine in that kind; and if in the whole, they could draw such Audiences for so long time, in such violent hot Weather, I shall not despair, that when the Season is more temperate, to see at their next Representation, a great deal of good Company.

I have Printed some Scenes both in the first and second part, which were left out in the Acting—the Play and the Musick being too long; and I doubt not but they will divert in the reading, because very proper for the Connexion: And as I have in this, and in all my things, studied to promote the Pleasure and Satisfaction of my Friends, so I am very well satisfied, to find by my Profit, that I have not lost my Labour.

PRO



# PROLOGUE

For Mr. Powel.

**T**His Sultry Season, which was wont to clear  
The Town of all the Friends we hold most dear;  
Believe me we are very glad to see you here:  
The Wits that now despise their God the Sun,  
(Proof 'gainst his Beams) to see Don Quixote run,  
Such Miracles have he and Comick Sancho done.  
Faith since good Nature did your Hearts inspire  
To use us kindly once, don't let it tire;  
But let our second Merry Scenes be grac'd  
With your united Praise, as were our last.  
If you object the Weather is too hot,  
The World is in a Ferment, think of that:  
Heroes abroad sweat for the glorious day,  
And I am sure you cannot choose but say,  
That 'tis much safer Sweating at a Play:  
For in the main, vast difference will appear,  
'Twixt those that Sweat for Pleasure, or for fear.  
Well, then 'tis time to doubt you were unjust,  
Since you have been so civil to our first;  
For those abroad, as well as here at home,  
To see our last, we thank 'em, all have come;  
Some to oblige us, from the Bath have staid,  
Th' unteeming Wife, and the Green-sickness Maid,  
Such Sport has been, it seems, in what we plaid.  
From Richmond some, where crowds of Beauty dwell;  
Nay th' Cits have left their darling Epsom Well,  
And jogg'd from them to us like honest Men,  
Upon their trotting Pads of Three Pound Ten:  
Then, we have had some of the Black-coats too,  
Men skill'd in Books, that our Don Quixote knew;  
That fearing to be found out at a Play,  
Sat in the Pit, in Coats of Iron-gray.  
In short, 'tis plain, we all degrees have had,  
Their Money too—for which we are not sad;  
And if you please to favour us once more,  
I encourage you, the Poet just now swore,  
This is a better Play than that before.

EPILOGUE.



# EPILOGUE,

By *Sancho* and *Mary* the Buxom.

*Sancho.* Come, prithee, *Mary*, sho' our Case be bad,  
Let's make the best on't—humour thy Old Dad,  
And speak to th' Folk.

*Mary.* Icod, I think y'are mad.  
What would you have me say?

*Sancho.* Why tell 'em that  
Tho' th' plaguy Poet makes us lose our State,  
And doff our Robes that made us look so gay,  
That thou wilt serve 'em in some other way,  
Provided they'll be civil to the Play.

*Mary.* What other way, Zooks, can I serve 'em in,  
Unless they have any Lockram Smocks to spin;  
Will these, dee think, prefer a Country Tool  
In Serge and Dowlas—-rather you're a Fool:  
For ought I see, amongst this long-nos'd Crew,  
They'd rather wear out Smocks, than pay me to make new.  
These love your Flaunters, trick'd in huge Commode,  
Sprunt up with Wire and Ribbons a Cart-load:  
Lord! how each Courtier-man would scowle at's Wife,  
Dizen'd as I am now here in a Coif,  
Gadstids your Top high Flyers of the Town,  
Now, scarce wear any thing that is their own;  
One has false Teeth, another has false Hair,  
One has an Eye-brow made, another's bare:  
Some flabby, lank, unwholsome, barren Phillies,  
Stuff Cushions up, to counterfeit great Bellies;  
And others, that they may look round as Drums,  
Dress t'other place, and wear 'em on their Bums.  
These are the Dishes that these Folk esteem;  
A Country Rasber won't go down with them;  
Therefore, for my part, I'll no Favour crave,  
I know their Humour, and my Breath I'll save:  
Yet to conclude, I say this of the Play,  
Icod 'tis good, and if they like't they may.



## The Representers Names, and Characters.

- Duke Ricardo.** A Grandee of Spain. Acted by Mr. Gibber.
- Cardenio.** A witty young Gentleman, his Companion and Friend. Acted by Mr. Bowman.
- Ambrosio.** A young Student of *Salamanca*, and Kinsman to the Duke, an inveterate Enemy to Women, ever since his dear Friend *Cristofomo* died for Love of *Marcella*. Acted by Mr. Verbruggen.
- Don Quixote.** A Frantick Gentleman of the *Mancha*, who ran mad with reading Books of Chivalry, and supposes himself a Knight-Errant. Acted by Mr. Boen.
- Mammel.** Steward to the Duke, a pleasant witty Fellow, who with *Pedro* and the Page, manages all the designs used in the fooling Don Quixote. Acted by Mr. Powel.
- Pedro Rexio.** A Doctor of Physick, and Assistant to *Mammel* in fooling Don Quixote. Acted by Mr. Freeman.
- Bernardo.** Chaplain to the Duke—A positive, testy, morose Fellow. Acted by Mr. Trefuse.
- Diego.** A rough ill-natur'd vicious Fellow, Master of the Duke's Game, and chief Shepherd, in love with *Marcella*. Acted by Mr. Harris.
- Page to the Duke.** Another witty young Fellow, and agent in the fooling Don Quixote. Acted by Mr. Lee.
- Sancho Pancha.** Squire to Don Quixote, a dull, heavy, Country Booby in appearance, but in discourse, dry, subtle, and sharp, a great repeater of Proverbs, which he blunders out upon all occasions, tho' never so absurd, or far from the purpose. Acted by Mr. Underhill.
- Taylor, Gardener, Painter, Grazier, Small Man and Woman,** Petitioners to the Governour *Sancho*.
- Dutchess.** A merry facetious Lady, that perpetually diverts her self with the extravagant Follies of Don Quixote and *Sancho*. Acted by Mrs. Knight.
- Luscinda.** Wife to *Cardenio*, her Companion. Acted by Mrs. Bowman.
- Dulcinea del Toboso.** Page to the Duke, commanded by him to personate Don Quixote's feigned Mistress. Acted by Mr. Lee.
- Marcella.** A young beautiful Shepherdess of *Cordova*, extreemly Coy, and Averse to men at first, but afterwards passionately in Love with *Ambrosio*. Acted by Mrs. Bracegirdle.
- Dona Rodriguez.** Woman to the Dutchess, antiquated, opinionated and impertinent. Acted by Mrs. Kent.
- Teresa Pancha.** Wife to *Sancho*—a poor clownish Country-woman. Acted by Mrs. Lee.
- Mary.** Her Daughter, a ramping ill-bred Dowdy. By Mrs. Verbruggen.
- Ricotta, Flora.** Two other Country Lasses.
- Inchanters, Furies, Carver, Cryer, Constable, Watch, Musicians, Singers, Dancers and Attendants.**





## ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter *Ambrosio, Manuel, Pedro.*

*Ambrosio.* **S**O Gentlemen, are all things in order for the Duke's Design of entertaining this whimsical Knight-Errant?

*Man.* They are Sir, every Servant in the House answers to his Cue as readily as if he had been brought up in a Theatre.

*Ped.* We find no one tardy in the business but *Diego* the Duke's Master of the Shepherds, who we hear has almost lost his Wits for Love; and the Coxcomb grows every day so mop'd with it, that he neglects all other business.

*Ambrosio.* There's something in that Fellow more than ordinary, a Swarth Complexion, Hot and Saturnine, you had best look to him Master Steward, for I know him to be of a mischievous Nature, and not Honest. Farewel, I must go seek the Duke, who is gone to the Grove, just by the Park-side yonder, to meet Don *Quixote*, and bring him to his Castle.

*Man.* Have they lodg'd the Knight then?

*Ambrosio.* 'Twas all the Work of the Neighbourhood to watch his motion: *Sancho* we hear was sent of an Errant to *Toboso* this morning, but about what we know not---and the Knight stays yonder, waiting for his coming---farewel, you had best make haste home before, to get all things in readiness. *[Exit Ambrosio.]*

*Man.* I intend it Sir. Come Doctor, we shall have rare Sport.

*Pedro.*—'Sdeath! is't possible the Frenzy should still be so strong upon the Fool; 'tis not above a Month, since a Brother of my Profession told me, that he administr'd to him at his House, and had great hopes of his Cure.

*Man.* There was such a Report indeed The manner of his ridiculous Inchantment, and bringing home in a Cage too, is very authentick—But *Sancho* and he one Night, made a shift to give 'em all the slip, and this is now his second Sally.

*Pedro.* Ha, ha, ha—And in good time, he undertakes it, to give the Duke and Dutchess Diversion—Come let's be gone, that I may be ready for my part in the Scene.

*Man.* The Chaplain must not know of it.

*[Exeunt.]*

Enter *Diego Solus.*

*Diego.* What are their Frolicks or their Sports to me, that having a burning Fever in my Breast, that hourly consumes me. I know no Master now, but raging Passion, nor own Obedience, but to Love's great Power; and my Hearts Murders, the ador'd *Marcella*, whom to enjoy, I'll hazard Credit, Fortune, nay venture at once, my Souls and Bodies Ruin, and ne'er believe that I can pay too dear.

*[Pulls out a Letter and muses.]*

Re-enter *Ambrosio.*

*Ambrosio.* I've miss'd the Duke and Dutchess strangely, who, I believe, are gone the left-hand way over the Pattock,—How now, who have we here, *Diego* the chief Shepherd,—This is the loving Fool they lately talk'd of. I'll stay a little to observe him.

*[Absconds behind.]*

*Diego.*



*Diego.* This Letter here, shows me the Road to Happiness, which is just sent me from a trusty Friend that I employed to watch her Evening Haunts, and now 'tis done effectually—Reads, Know she's the proudest of her Sex, as well as the most beautiful, and therefore shuns all Conversation with ours, and generally with her own; therefore to indulge her Humour, I have observed her several Evenings together to walk alone, exactly about Seven, in the Mirtle Grove, that joyns to the Embassadors Garden, where at the aforesaid hour, you may securely seize her. I would assist ye, but the Ambassador is this minute sent for to Court—But at my return, I expect the Pleasure, to hear that you are reveng'd upon that proud Beauty, that so long has tortur'd ye—The account of which Action will give a secret Pleasure to your faithful Friend, &c.

*Diego.* The Action—Oh how my Heart leaps in my Breast to think on't! Remorse avault, I am resolv'd this Evening to force the Scornful Fair to quench my Flame, and glut my Love with the sweet Spoils of Beauty—*[Exit Diego.]*

*Ambr.* Here's a pretty business going forward; why what a damn'd Wolf, or Satyr of a Fellow, have I discover'd here among the Sheep-coats—In Love, did they say?—Ay, this is the very Devil of a Lover, a most admirable Monster to justify my Quarrel to the Sex: This sort of *Coridons* now, would fit the Female Devilings. Dam 'em I'll take no notice on't; no Usage can be bad enough for 'em—But hold, is that Resolution like a Gentleman? Does it consist with Honour? Pox on't, would Chance had never led my feet this way. Now I'm a greater Villain than the Ravisher, if I permit the mischief. 'Tis so, and I must prevent it.

*In spite of Rancour she shall Succour find,*

*I'll save her Honour, tho I hate her Kind.*

*[Exit.]*

*Enter Don Quixote solus.*

*Don Q.* Oh that I had, as once young *Phaeton*, the Rule of the bright Chariot of the Sun, that I might whip the Hours into more speed, or for a minute could disarm the Furies, to give one good smart Lash to lagging *Sancho*, whom I this morning sent, with a Love Message, to my Ador'd and Charming *Dulcinea*. Post on ye sluggish minutes, run dull Squire, and let thy Thoughts inform thy heavy Heels, the Longings of my Soul: In the mean time, here in this Grotto, rest thou load of Love, think on thy lovely Charmer, and let thy amorous Soul send forth no other sound but *Dulcinea*, Oh *Dulcinea*. *[Exit.]*

*Enter Sancho.*

*Sanc.* Yonder he lyes, and as melancholy as a Cat in a Church-Steeple, expecting my return,---and now good Brother *Sancho*---be pleas'd to go on with your design, and since you don't like the Message you are sent about, let's see how your Wit can bring you off---let me see, your maggot-pated Master *Don Quixote* sends you to *Toboso*, to the Princess *Dulcinea*---very good---Did you ever hear of any such Princess *Sancho*?---No---Or has your Master ever seen such?---neither,---why then your Errand appears to be but a kind of mad whimsy. *Sancho*---no doubt on't---Well then, what Remedy?---Why thus Brother---if your Master can fancy Princesses, where none e're were---Windmills to be Giants, and Flocks of Sheep, Armies---and say every foot, that his sight is beguil'd by Inchantments---'twill be as easie for you to take the next Comer *Sancho*---and persuade him to believe 'tis the radiant *Dulcinea*.

*Enter two Country Wenchcs.*

1 *C. W.* Come Couzin *Ricotta*, prithee come along; *Uddistkins*, I'll be hang'd if the Bride b'ant gone to Church before we can get thither.

2 *C. W.*



2 C. W. Why prithee how can that be Fool, when Father *Jodolet* the Priest, and *Gasper* the Piper, are just gone before us.

1 C. W. Pshaw that's all one, the holy Gormorant has been at Breakfast already, he has devoured half a Turkey, and drank a Bottle of *Malaga*,—this morning, so that he has nothing to do till Dinner, but to chop up Mass, and see 'em joyn'd according to custom.

2 C. W. He see 'em joyn'd according to custom, why how now you plaguy Hoyden you,—dee make a Pimp of the Priest.

*Sanc.* Why how now you young pert Baggage, a Pimp of a Priest, why is that such a miracle. This comes as pat as I could wish, these are two rare Jades for my purpose. [Aside.]

2 C. W. What ails the Slouch, can't you go on your way, I spoke to my Cousin *Flora*, I did not meddle with you Swag-belly.

*Sanc.* Ha, ha, ha, ha, it shall be so Faith, this shall be the Princess *Dulcinea* Goodzookes,—and this other Dowdy here, shall be her waiting Woman.— ha, ha, ha. [Sancho stops 'em.]

1 C. W. What's the matter with the Paunch, what ails the Bristle-chops, can't you let us go and be hang'd.

*Sanc.* Till my Lord *Don Quixote*, has kindled his amorous Taper at the Glow-worm Rays of your Lady the Princess there, not for the World—my dear *Lindabrides*.

2 C. W. What Lady, what Princess? what a Dickins, is the Booby mad?

*Sanc.* Therefore appear, thou Mirrour of Knight-Errantry, here is thy Queen, here is thy *Dulcinea*, Moon of thy hopes, North Star of thy desires, shining with all her fiery Beams upon thee. Enter Don Quixote.

*Don Q.* 'Twas *Sancho's* voice,—and see yonder he stands—welcome thou blest, thou long'd for Messenger,—well, and what Success good Friend, hah! was the God of Love compassionate?

*Sanc.* Success, sbud—kneel, kneel; Sir, oons are you blind, why there she is Sir, the Princess, the Peerless *Dulcinea*, the grand *Toboso*, the silver Trumpet of Renown, the Fire-arms of Beauty, and the Touch-hole of Love, attended by the most beautiful Babberlips of Spain, the lovely—*Wiffundera*. [They kneel.]

*Don Q.* Where is the Princess *Sancho*. [Staring about.]

1 C. W. Ah Devil on ye, what Game, what Foolery's this? Pray let's go, will ye.

*Sanc.* Oh Princess and Universal Lady of *Toboso*, why does not your magnanimous Heart relent, seeing the Pillar and Prop of Chivalry prostrate before your sublimated presence: 'Sbud Sir are you dumb?—or are your Senses ravish'd from you, at the beams of those fair Eyes, those luscious Bubbies, and Amber-locks, adorn'd with Pearl and Diamonds.

*Don Q.* Pearl and Diamonds? [Rubs his Eyes.]

*Sanc.* 'Dsheart, what dee Iye rubbing your Eyes so for? Why don't you see all this? *Don Q.* Upon my Knighthood—No.

*Sanc.* The Devil were in ye if you should,—how the Clownish Jades stare at one another.

*Don Q.* I see no Princess; the Objects that present themselves to me, are Faces most uncomely, dost thou see this rare sight, *Sancho*? [Rises up.]

*Sanc.* Do I? I think I do, I see the Princess shining with Gold there, like a Sun-beam, and the most bright and altified *Wiffundera*, blazing like a Star of the first Magnitude.



1 *C. W.* Well enough Brewis-belly; Addildikins leave off your Fooling, and let's be gone, or I'll call out to the Vineyard yonder.

2 *C. W.* There be Folks there that will take our parts, you may chance to get a Drubbing for your Jokes, if you han't a care, Bacon-face.

*Sancho.* Zooks, Queen Blouze may be in the right in that, therefore I'll make haste.

*Don Q.* If that be the Princess that spoke last, some Devilish Spell this moment is upon me, I am bereav'd of all my sight and Senses.

*Sancho.* How, how's that Sir? I hope not so—This is what I looked for; ha, ha, ha, ha, the Trick fadges rarely. *Aside.*

*Don Q.* Dost thou smell nothing, *Sancho*?

*Sancho.* A perfum'd Sigh or two, the Princess breath'd, Sir, nothing else.

*Don Q.* Nay, then 'tis plain I'm enchanted—agen, by my Knighthood, it seem'd to me of Garlick.

*Sancho.* Garlick! Oh Villains, now could I eat one of these Inchanting Rogues. And I warrant the Princess and her Lady, Sir, seems to you like two Hog-rubbing Dowdies?

*Don Q.* Todpoles! Witches! I have not seen two uglier.

*Sancho.* Good lack a day, that these Devilish Fellows can do this!—Keep in your Breath, and be hang'd. *Aside.*

2 *C. W.* Keep you off and be hang'd. So-ho, in the Vineyard there.

1 *C. W.* *Pedro, Valasco, Tarzo,* So-ho; Oddsid come near me agen--a couple of Cogging Scoffing Gibbers, what a Murrain can't you let People go along the Road? Did we meddle with you? Oddsid come near me agen, and I'll give thee such a gripe on the Weazon, I'll make thee kackle agen. *[They run out.]*

*Don Q.* Ugh—there's another whiff, the very—Quintessence of Garlick. Oh thou Extream of all Wickedness, thou abhor'd Inchanter, whoe're thou art, think not, because thou canst pervert my Smelling Faculty, and put these Clouds and Cataracts in my Eyes, to eclipse that dazzling Beauty from me, that it shall serve thy turn; no Miscreant, the time shall come, when by my powerful Arm all Charms shall be dissolv'd, and this bright Planet, hid by vile Inchantment, shine bright and clear for ever. Is she gone, *Sancho*?

*Sancho.* Yes Sir, and upon so fast a Gallop, that 'tis impossible for *Rosinante* to overtake her; therefore pray Sir consider the Proverb that says, To ill Accidents apply Patience; Let every Conscience fit it self to the times; we shall have a smiling minute, when we shall ferk these plaguy Inchanters before they are aware: In the mean time be pleas'd to think of being an Emperor as soon as you can Sir--that I may be a Governour, and raise my Family, for to my thinking I should become governing hugely well; and now I talk of governing, yonder comes a Company that I think look like Emperors and Governours indeed.

*Don Q.* Not a word more—I know 'em, 'tis the Great Duke of that noble Seat thou seest there, with his fair Dutcheffs: And I suppose my Fame has reach'd his Ears; he comes hither now to find me out.

*Enter Duke Ricardo, Dutcheffs, Cardenio, Luscinda, Rodriguez and Servants.* Down swelling Griefs, a while be hush't and silent, whilst from these great ones I receive that Ceremony my noble Function merits: And dee hear *Sancho*, be sure you behave your self with that Decorum as suits my Squire, and the place y'are in.

*Sancho.* Well, well, Sir, a word to the Wife is enough—Manners makes the Man, quoth *William of Wickham*—Now we are to deal with People that have a sense of governing; I warrant ye let me alone for behaving my self.



*Duke.* Lure off the Hawks, the day's too hot for Sport, we'll out again in th' Evening—most noble Knight *Don Quixote de la Mancha*—Fortune has now oblig'd me to my Wishes, thou Quintessence, thou Soul of Arms and Honour, welcome into my Province.

*Don Q.* Your Graces most devoted, lives no longer, than whilst he is yours in all humble Duty.

*Duke.* Illustrious Errant, I am proud to thank ye—Madam, that you may know how highly Fortune honours me, I am oblig'd to tell ye, this is the Knight of the Ill-favour'd Face, the shining Sun of Spain, the Mars of Arms and Chivalry, whom I desire you to invite to my Castle, that we may shew how we admire such Virtue.

*Dutch.* I am his Greatnesses most humble Servant, and hope he'll so far honor us.

*Don Q.* I kiss your beauteous Hand most excellent Lady, and wholly subject my self to your Commands.

*Sancho.* Subject himself to her Commands—Gadzooks very pretty, that—well, this plaguy Devil my Master, has a notable way with him sometimes.

*Card.* We are all—Valiant Sir, your humble Servants and most oblig'd.

*Lusc.* But most of all our Sex—as to a Champion, whose daily Indevour is to right our Wrongs, with Sword and Lance, on Mountain or in Valley, to vindicate the Cause of Injured Ladies.

*Duke.* And this good Fellow, if I mistake not, must sure be trusty *Sancho*, the honest Partner of this brave Knights Dangers.

*Sancho.* Your Mightiness has hit it to a hair—I am the very *Sancho*, indeed a Governour elect too, for all I look so; and as for Dangers, why little said is soon amended, common Fame is seldom to blame, but Patience is a Plaister for all Sores. My Master and I have heard Wolves howl at midnight before now—we know how an Oaken Cudgel can bruise, and what danger is in cold Iron: We are no Flinchers, we.

*Don Q.* You will forget Blunderhead. [*To Sancho aside.*] A Clownish Prater, my Lord, I hope your Grace will excuse him. [*To the Duke.*]

*Duke.* Oh, *Sancho* is very pleasant, and his Proverbs become him extreamly—Go some of you and bridle this noble Knights Horse, that I see feeding yonder, and bring him to the Stable; we'll go in the back way over the Garden.

*Sancho.* And pray mistress, since I see you have nothing else to do, will you be so kind as to go to yonder Hedge, where [*to Rodrigues.*] you will find a dapple grey Ass,—ty'd, and do so much as put him up with *Rozinante*, and pray take what care of him you can, because the poor Fool is a little Skittish, and I can't wait on him my self, by reason you see me oblig'd to follow my Master.

*Rod.* How new ignorant Bufflehead, d'e know who you talk to?

*Don Q.* Oh confound him, did you ever hear such a sordid Son of a Whore? Why then complicated lump of Dullness, does this good Gentlewoman look like a Groom? Does she seem fit to manage in a Stable, thou incomprehensible Rascal?

*Dutch.* 'Twas only a small mistake, Sir Knight, my Woman's very good-natur'd, and I know *Sancho* intended no Affront.

*Duke.* No, no, 'twas a Civility any one might have begg'd; besides, *Dapple* may be nearer related to *Sancho* than we imagine. I have bit my Tongue almost through; I shall ne're be able to hold out. [*To Cardenio aside.*]

*Carden.* Nor I, I dare not look that way for fear of laughing aloud.

*Luscind.* How *Mrs. Rodriguez* swells, I warrant she could poyson *Sancho* now with all her Soul, for she knows nothing of the Design. [*To Card.*] *Rod.*



*Rob.* I shall hardly expose my Sense, to resent any thing from such a Rustical Brute; my Breeding and his, I suppose, have been in different Stations, therefore the best way of expressing my self about it, is by contempt. I despise the Creature.

*Duke.* Well, well, since you despise him, so let it end then. Come most Herolck, shall I lead the way——my Wife attends your motion.

[*Don Quixote leads out the Dutcheß.*

*Don Q.* Her Grace extremely honours me——Hah——Dunghill Vermin, is this your manners with a Pox t'ee.

*Sanc.* Where the Devil's the harm on't? Gadzooks I thought Waiting-Women might have gone into Lords Stables, as well as Footmen into Ladies Bed-chambers; but Live and learn, and be hang'd and forget all; there's a good Proverb however.

## SCENE II.

*Enter Bernardo, Mannel, Pedro and Page.*

*Man.* Come, are the Musicians ready now for the Entertainment, the Duke and Dutcheß are just at the Gate.

*Page.* They are all tuning their Instruments in the next Room.

*Man.* Page, prithee run and tell the Cook and the Confectioner my Lord will have the Banquet after the Musick is ended.

[*Exit Page.*

*Bern.* And what's all this Preparation for I wonder: What silly Gambol is going to be plaid now?

*Man.* And why silly Gambol? Lord you are always so Peevish Mr. Cuff-cushion, there's no living with ye, any thing that does not suit your grave testy Humour, is silly presently. Pox, methinks you should know your station of being unmanly a little better, be civil here, and be rude when you get into your Pulpit.

*Bern.* Ah, thou art a pretty Fellow to govern a Family with a flashy Head, and a Heart void of Conscience, Morality and Religion. How dar'st thou prophane the Pulpit, Reprobate? a Whore were a more natural thing for thee to talk of.

*Man.* Why that's a Pulpit you love to preach in too, as well as I, for all your Canting.

*Pedro.* No, you must let him govern every thing, and then Sir Gravity will be easie; let but the head Butler be his Croney, and my Ladies pretty Chamber-maid sit on his Bed-side in a morning, and mend his Stockings, and then you shall hear him rail no more, nor ever have a Sermon against Drinking or Whoring.

*Bern.* Why thou Insect, bred from Excrement; thou Quack, with not Skill enough to cure a Lap-dog of the Mange? Thou Venery-promoter, art thou shooting thy Turpentine Pills at me too?

*Man.* Put him but into a Fret, and 'twill be better Sport than a Bear-baiting, ha, ha, ha, ha.

*Bern.* Fulsom Idiot, poor Wretch.

*Man.* Ha, ha, ha, ha,——poor Vestry-dawber.

*Pedro.* Come, come, prithee,——now let's leave him to chew the Cud upon Contemplation——here comes my Lord.

*Enter Duke, Cardenio and Page.*

*Duke.* Is he unarm'd?

*Page.* They are doing it my Lord, and treating him in all points, as your Grace has order'd.

*Card.* My Lady Dutcheß will grow fat with Laughing, I never saw her take so much pleasure in any Jest before.

*Duke.*



**Duke.** Go you and assist in the Ceremony, and be sure [To Man. and Pedro.] to use him according to the Custom of Knight-Errants of old, which I have read t'e in Books of Chivalry——How now *Bernardo*, what is your reverend Solidity musing on, ha?

[Exit Man. and Pedro.]

*Bern.* I am musing, my Lord, on these Books of Chivalry, which I have of late often found you reading, and I profess I wonder, that a man of your clear Sense and good parts, should waste your precious time so unprofitably.

**Duke.** Testy Fool, how if I would permit him, would this peevish Block-head be Impertinent two long hours by the Clock——Come, come, I'll endure no Reproof now; if thou'lt be sociable, and take part of the Musick and Banquet, 'tis well, if not——

*Bern.* The Musick——No, not I; Heaven estrange my Ears from hearing such Vanity,——as for the other part, it is my duty to give a Blessing to't, therefore I shall attend. [Exit Bern.]

*Card.* Ay to the eating part, I warrant thee, if any of thy Tribe are wanting at that I much wonder.

*Musick sounds, then enter Don Quixote warm'd, with a rich Mantle oven him, and led between the Dutchess and Luscinda, Sancho following with Rodriguez and Serventt, they place Don Quixote in the chief Seat, and all sit down.*

**Duke.** Long live the Flower of Knight-Errantry, the Renowned *Don Quixote de la Mancha*. *Dutch.* Vivat the Succourer of Widows and Orphans.

*Card.* The Rightor of Wrongs, and Retriever of the ancient and most noble Laws of Chivalry.

*Lusc.* The Tamer of Gyants, and undaunted Queller of Monsters and Furies.

**Duke.** Let the Sports begin to entertain him, and let no part be wanting to do him honour.

## S O N G.

I.

**I**F you will love me, be free in expressing it,  
And henceforth give me no cause to complain:  
Or if you hate me, be plain in confessing it,  
And in few words put me out of my pain.  
This long decaying, with Sighing and Praying,  
Breeds only delaying in Life and Amour,  
Cooling and Wooing,  
And daily pursuing,  
Is damn'd silly doing, therefore I'll give o're.

II.

If you'll propose a kind Method of ruling me,  
I may return to my Duty again:  
But if you stick to your old way of Fooling me,  
I must be plain, I am none of your Man.  
Passion for Passion on each kind occasion,  
With free Inclination, does kindle Loves Fire,  
But Tedious Prating,  
Coy Folly Debating,  
And new Doubts creating, still makes it expire.

## The Ladies Answer.

I.

**Y**OU Love, and yet when I ask you to Marry me,  
Still have recourse to the Tricks of your Art,  
Then like a Fencer you cunningly parry me,  
Yet the same time make a Pass at my Heart.  
Eye, fye, Deceiver,  
No longer endeavor,  
Or think this way ever the Fort will be won:  
No fond Caressing  
Must be, nor Unlacing,  
Or tender Embracing, till th' Parson has done.

II.

Some say that Marriage a Dox with a Bottle is,  
Pleasing their Humours to rail at their Wives;  
Others declare it an Ape with a Rattle is,  
Comforts Destroyer, and Plague of their Lives.  
Some are affirming,  
A Trap 'tis for Vermin,  
And yet with the Bait the not Prison agree,  
Ventring that Chouse you,  
Must let me Esposse you,  
If e're, my dear Mouse, you will nibble at me.

Here follows an Entertainment of Dancing, then the Banquet is prepared and brought in; the Duke places Don Quixote at the upper end of the Table, but he refuses it.

Enter



*Enter Bernardo and says Grace.*

Don Q. I do beseech your Grace, I shall dye with Blushing.

Duke. The highest merit must have highest place.

Don Q. My Lord, you confound me with excess of Favour.

Duke. Nay, nay, it must be so Sir. [*They sit, and Sancho waits on Don Quixote.*]

Bern. On my Conscience this is that Scare-crow Knight-Errant Don Quixote, that I have heard the Duke talk so often of; oh the whimsical Idiot!

[*Sits at the lower end.*]

Dutch. Indeed, Sir Knight, if I may speak my thoughts, your modesty is a great deal too nice: You needs must know your place where e're you are.

Sancho. Now have I two Proverbs at my Tongues end, that I'd give half my Government to vent—One is, He that has more Manners than he ought, is more a Fool than he thought; and t'other is, There is more ado with one Jackanapes, than with all the Bears.

Dutch. How now Friend Sancho, what are you muttering, come we must have no Wit lost.

Sancho. Ah Blessing on your Noblenesses Prating place; y're a princely Jewel, I'll say that for ye: And now my master Don Quixote has put me in mind on't—I could tell ye a very pretty Tale that happened in our Town, concerning places.

Don Q. You will Prate Jolt-head — I beseech your Graces, let this Coxcomb be thrust out, we shall hear a thousand Follies else.

Bern. By my Sincerity these are both craz'd alike, and I shall ne're have Patience to hear half their Fooleries.

Duke. By no means, my noble Sir, Sancho must needs go on with his Tale.

Card. Oh we lose our chief Diversion else — for his Wit and good Humour must needs make it very pleasant.

Lusc. Therefore begin quickly, honest Friend, for my Lady Dutchess and I are impatient till we hear it.

Sancho. Why then thus it goes, you must know then, that there was a Gentleman in our Town, nearly related to Don Alonso de Maranon, Knight of the Order of St. Jaques, who was drown'd in the Heradura, about whom that Quarrel was a little while since in our Town; Master of mine, pray Sir, were not you in't—Where little Thomas the Madcap, Son to Balustro the Smith, had a deep Wound in the Scrotum as they call'd it, about the Widow Waggon.

Don Q. A Plague on thee for a Crust-grinder, dost thou begin a Tale without head or foot, and then ask me a question—Now do I Sweat for the Rogue. [*Aside.*]

Sancho. Well, well, then 'tis no great matter—And so this Gentleman, that I told you first of, invited a poor Husband-man to Dinner; and so the poor man coming to the Gentleman Inviter's House, Heaven be merciful to him, for he is now dead; and for a further Token, they say, died like a Lamb—for I was not by, for at that time I was gone to another Town to Reaping.

Bern. Ay, and prithee come back from Reaping quickly, without burying the Gentleman, unless thou hast a mind to kill us too with Expectation.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Don Q. Oh tardy Hell-bound, I'm in a Fever for him.

[*Aside.*]

Sancho. Ne're fear, Sir, I'll be mannerly. [*To Don Q. apart.*] And so, as I was saying, both being ready to sit down to Table, the poor man contended with the Gentleman not to sit uppermost, and the Gentleman with him that he should,



as meaning to command in his own House, but still the Country Booby pretending to be mannerly and courteous, would not; till the Gentleman very angry, thrusting him down, said to him, sit there you Thrasher, for where-ever I sit with thee, shall still be the upper end: And now you have my Tale Forsooth, and I hope pretty well to the purpose. [Don Quixote *fronns on* Sancho.

100 Duke: A very admirable Tale and quaintly delivered, ha, ha, ha.

Dutch. Poor Sancho will pay for this anon; the Knight looks very angry. I'll try to divert it—my Lord, Don Quixote, I beseech ye, if my Request be not improper, how fares the gracious *Dulcinea del Toboso*—and what Giants, Bugbears and Captives have you sent her lately?

Doc Q. How could I mumble that Doc, if I had him in a corner? [Aside.

Sanchez. What a plague's the matter. I've said something amiss now, I see by a look.

Don Q. Ah Madam, there you divide my Heart in funder, the beauteous  
Dulcinea is enchanted. Dutch. Is't possible!

Bern. Ye Crack-brain'd Idiot, I profess I can bear no longer. Fie, fie, my Lord and Madam, what dee mean—I vow your Graces are much to blame, t'indulge the Frenzy of this Lunatick.

**Don Q.** How? What's that Sir Lunatic? **Card.** Now comes the Sport.

*Bern.* Who thrust it into your Brains, *Don Quixote*, or *Don Coxcomb*, that you are a Knight-Errant, with a morrain tee, and that you can kill Giants, Monsters, Bugbears—Or know of any Princess that's enchanted? Is not this *Spain*, incorrigible dull Pate? What Errants are there here? Or what use of 'em, hah?

Don Q. Oh monstrous ! Oh thou old black Fox with a Fire-brand in thy Tail, thou very Priest, thou Kindler of all mischiefs in all Nations, dee hear, Homily, did not the Reverence that I bear these Nobles, bind my just Rage, I would so thrum your Callock, you Church-Vermín.

Bern. I profess, I have a great mind to strip, I have much ado to forbear — but hold, I will not shame my Coat—I will absent me prudently—Well, mad-man, Passion is an ill Arguer, some other time we will dispute this point— Till when farewell—*—Addle-pate.*

Don O. Adieu Scripture-proper. [Exit Bernardo.

**Duke.** A welpish strange old Fool: I hope, Sir, you take no offence.

Don Q. None, none, my Lord, upon my Honour, Women and Priests may say any thing.

DAVE. He shall beg your Pardon. Hey Page, bid the Chaplain wait me in the Park. [Exit Page.]

Dutch. Come will you retire, Sir, for an hour, and then we'll divert you abroad with Hawking.

Don Q. I am your Graces ever. [Exit leading the Dutchess.]

**Mr. Saxe.** I am glad of this; that Black-Coat's Prating has made him forget me.

*Luft. ———— Where these Fools are, there must Diversion be.*

ACT



## ACT II. SCENE I.

*Enter Diego disguised, pulling on Marcella.*

*Marcel.* Help, help, for Heavens sake help.

*Diego.* You call in vain, nothing can help you now but fair compliance.

*Marcel.* Help, help—is no blest charitable Creature near, to help a Maid in her Distress?

*Diego.* Yes I.

*Marcel.* Thou art a Devil.

*Diego.* So, my Dear, art thou, a very Devil, and the Hell I've suffer'd through thy nice Female Pride and Obstinacy, is greater than the Damn'd below endure; but I am now grown a profound Magician, and I can conjure that proud Demon from thee, that late insulted o're all Human Kind. You now must love, *Marcella*.

*Marcel.* Curst sound, and now more Curst than ever, coming from the mouth of such a Fary.

*Diego.* Ay, this is well now—I am pleas'd to see that *Lucifer* keeps his old station in your proud Heart; my Spell will work the better. *Milencis* perhaps had wrought me to a state of whining Love, to court and sue for Favour, look like a Fool, be modest, cringe and bow, lye like a Chambermaid, and at last get nothing, but y<sup>e</sup> are an ill-favour'd Monster, and I scorn ye.

*Marcel.* No Succour yet! no kind relieving Passenger!

*Diego.* But now you shew your Sex in their true quality you more oblige me; I now can bluntly seize thee without Wooing, and like a Man, claim Beauty as my due, pattern the noble Savages of old, when Woman, like the rest of other Females, patiently couch'd under the Male Predominance; and since you are obstinate and stubborn, instruct the rest of Men by my example.

*Marcel.* What dost thou propose, oh, thou most abhorr'd?

*Diego.* To make a Convert of thee—What a strange, coy, wild, impertinent, unnatural thing hast thou been hitherto, thou worst thy Eyes as if thou wert a Basilisk, destroying others, still, to please thy self; thou taught'st thy Tongue to murder all thy Lovers by proud Refusals—thy hands to tear their Letters, and thy feet to run away like an ungrateful *Daphne*, tho' an *Apollo* followed.

*Marcel.* 'Tis my nature, born for my self; all Men are my Aversion.

*Diego.* Then know, that I was born to new create thee; I will not have those Beauties lost through Pride, which Nature first intended for enjoyment; your Eyes shall learn to smile, your Lips to kiss, your Tongue to praise your Lover: Arms t'embrace him: I'll mould your Body to a proper form, make every part about you do its office, and fit ye for the business of the World.

*Marcel.* The Devil shall have you first.

*Diego.* The Devil shall have me after, Child, as he and I agree upon it; but before-hand I'll beg his Devilships pardon.

*Marcel.* Oh, how I hate this Fellow! What a Rage I feel within my Bosom glow against him? What? Shall I sue to any Man for favours? I that have, through the Series of my past Years, made 'em the business of my Jest and Railery? Shall I submit and beg? I'll rather dye first.

*Diego.* I can but think how much the case is altered; how many tedious hours with down-cast Eyes, pale Cheeks, a throbbing Heart, and Arms a-cross, have I watched a kind look of this *Calista*, who now I can command—Come will you be kind and free

*Marcel.*



*Marcel.* If, (as the world has always been a stranger to me, when it related to thy Sex) if I could be blind, could thou believe, oh thou foul Criminal, such words as these could win me?

*Diego.* Ours I have no Complainers; all Women have been spoil'd since Men first us'd 'em. *Kiss and Consent at first begets the Joy; 'twas Sighs and Whimpers bred the Pity and Pity.*—I will be fool'd no longer. [*Strikes him.*]

*Marcel.* Stand off rude ill-hound, I yet have some defence; when Innocence fights, each Pin, each little Bodkin will prove a Lance to wound the curst Assailer! Oh, thou most Vile of Creatures that is, (thou Man) dost thou believe I will yield tamely to thee? No, I will make each Nathan Eagles Talon, my Teeth shall tear thy Flesh, my Eyes shall blast thee; and in this noble cause, this little Arm, in my defence, be like the Club of *Hercules*, thou worst of all Male Devils, Ravisher—

*Diego.* Oh, I shall cool your Courage. [*Goes to seize her.*]

*Enter Ambrosio.* *Ambrosio confronts him.*

*Ambr.* And I, Sir, must make bold to interrupt your Sport a little; the Duke shall have no Scurra in his Family. Come, come, Sir, deliver me your Sword.

*Diego.* My Sword? It must be this way then: I'm upon the Forlorn Hope, and so have at ye, Sir. [*Fight and Ambrosio disarms him.*]

*Marcel.* *Ambrosio!* Heavens! Is't he I am oblig'd to for this Succour. The Man of all the World I've least deserv'd from—I'm so confounded with shame I cannot look on him. [*Aside.*]

*Ambr.* Now Villain, you shall obey in spite of ye; but more of that presently, first let's see the Woman——*Ha! Marcel!* Oh blind, blind Chance, Oh ill contriving Fortune, thou knowest I hate the curst Cleft Tribe in general; and couldst thou 'mongst the rout of Female mischiefs, find me no other to oblige but this? This worst of all the Sex! This damning *Eve*, with not one only, but Legion of Serpents round her!

*Marcel.* What do I feel? His words shoot through my Heart, as if 'twere wounded with a sheaf of Arrows; I am not angry neither to hear him rail, but chang'd so, that methinks I could hear more.

*Ambr.* Oh thou dear *Manes* of my brave Friend *Chrysofome*, art thou not angry with thy poor *Ambrosio*, whose ill plac'd Stars maliciously compel him to vindicate the Honour of thy murders?

*Marcel.* Since the good deed y'have done, cause 'twas for me, so much offends your thoughts, oblige us both, and kill me, for I can bear Death better than your words. Kill me, and I am then out of your debt, and you reveng'd for *Chrysofome*.

*Ambr.* No, live however, and (if a Woman can) repeat; for 'twere Damnation certain, now to kill thee; live therefore, but let me see those baneful Eyes no more; look from henceforth those *Ignis Fatuus* up, that lead Men wandering into Bogs and Ditches; veil 'em I say, that I agen may never be troubled to behold your Caterwauling; a Creature that can Purr, and then can Squeak, that Scratching can repulse the eager Lover, and yet be prompt and willing to Ingender: Away, there's counsel for ye. Come, Sir, now march before me; something remains for you too——go on.

*Diego.* Had I but done the Deed I had not card. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Marcel.*

*Marcel.* Yet thou art brave: Oh Heaven, what shall I do to pay the Debt of Gratitude I owe thee; what a forlorn and miserable Wretch had I been but for thee!



thee! Oh I am lost! What Beauty, Riches, or the Glor of Honour, with all  
th' Allurements never could subdue, is conquer'd by this great, this generous  
Action: my Heart is melting, and a new strange Passion fills all my Bosom;  
that firm resolute Will, that stood unshock'd to the Dilect of *Chrysothorpe*, is  
wholly Captive to the brave *Ambrosio*. In vain is Art or Obstinacy now.

*In vain does weakned Force resist the stronger, / I am bound to you now.*  
*The Fort's o're-pow'r'd, and can hold out no longer.* **Exit.**

## SCENE II

*Enter Duke, Cardenio and Mammel.*

*Duke.* Is the Doctor ready with his Disguise for *Merlin*?

*Man.* He has been drest this hour my Lord; the Page too is perfect in his part  
of *Dulcinea*; we only wait my Lady Dutchesse coming back, who is gone after  
the Hawk the back side of the Wood——And then we shall begin the Comedy.

*Carden.* The Knight and the Parson are still in hot Argument yonder; the  
Cassock and the Helmet are at mortal odds; the Church-Militant scorns to  
truckle to the Camp, he'll not ask him pardon, he says, tho' all the Knights of  
the *Round Table* were by to back him.

*Duke.* I took this opportunity of slipping from 'em, to take breath a little,  
and laugh by my self——See here they come, away *Mammel* to your Fellows,  
and as soon as ever it begins to be dark, do as I've order'd.

*Man.* We'll be punctual at the minute, my Lord.

*Enter Don Quixote and Bernardo.*

*Duke.* Well, Chaplain, is the business reconciled; have you done Justice to  
this noble Knight?

*Bern.* I profess, I think I have, I have told him plainly he is a Mad-man,  
and have conscientiously propos'd to him a certain Remedy.

*Don Q.* I have not told you yet, that a Clergy may be a Blockhead, tho' I may  
suppose it, only to shew the different manners betwixt my Function and yours.

*Carden.* Nay, if the Sword and the Gown can agree no better, we are like to  
see but an ill Reformation.

*Duke.* Once more, I say, ask him pardon *Bernardo*.

*Bern.* For what my Lord, I profess, I begin to fear, he has infected your  
Grace with his own Distemper.

*Duke.* Ha, ha, ha, ha——He'll call me Fool presently.

*Bern.* For me that have swallowed and digested Sciences, as common as Loins  
of Mutton, to affront Learning so vilely, to compare with one that's ignorant  
of all——A downright Madman.

*Don Q.* Good words, Priest, good words, did Religion teach you to be rude,  
Sir Cassock? Besides, to shew I am not so ignorant, as you'd make me, know I  
have learnt the Sciences——and made addition to excel your Gown by one  
much better than the rest, Knight-Errantry.

*Bern.* That a Science, oh ridiculous, harkee; prithee prepare thy Brains a  
little, to answer me one question.

*Don Q.* What's a Knight-Errant good for?

*Don Q.* Every thing? He that is honoured with that Function, understands a  
Science that contains in it all the rest, which thus I make appear. First, He must  
be skill'd in the Law, to know Justice Distributive and Commutative, to do right



to every one: He must be a Divine, to know how to give a Reason clearly of his Christian Profession: He must be a Physician, and chiefly an Herbalist, to know in a Wilderness or Desert, what Herbs have virtue to cure Wounds; for your Knight-Errant must not be looking out every Pilling, while for a Surgeon to heal him: He must be an Astronomer, to know in the night what a Clock 'tis by the Stars: He must be also a Mathematician, and principally a good Cook, because it may very often happen, he may have occasion to dress his own Dinner. Nor should he only be adorn'd with all Divine and Moral Vertues, but he must descend to Mechanicks also; for he must know how to Shoe a Horse, to mend a Saddle, to foal a Boot, to dean a Stocking, to stitch a Doublet; and in short, to do all things that reason can imagine. And all these things, and as many more, is your Knight-Errant good for?

*Card.* What say you to this, my good Divinity-Teacher; methinks the Knight has given ye a very fair account of his Function.

*Don Q.* And now I have answered his question: I think 'tis but reasonable to ask him one: I demand of him then, and put it fairly to his Conscience, I say, I desire to know of him—What a Chaplain is good for?

*Duke.* By my troth a shrewd question.

*Card.* And put home too, as the case now stands.

*Bern.* Oh sinful Caltiff, is that a question to be ask'd in these religious times: Come, come, I'll tell thee that presently—Hum, good for? Why in the first place, let me see, What's a Chaplain good for? Oh, now I have it; why all the serious part of the World must allow that. *[They laugh]* Hum—What's a Chaplain good for? Well, I profess I was ne'er so puzzled in all my Life. *[Chaplain offers to speak, and they hinder him.]*

*Card.* Ay, 'tis plain now, the cause is lost, the Chaplain's confounded, he has not a word to say for himself, ha, ha, ha, ha.

*Duke.* Ha, ha, ha, ha, Eagerness and Rage have so shock'd him, he has no utterance—Ha, ha, ha, ha.

*Bern.* What am I become a Jest, fy, my Lord; where is the Decency, where is the Sagacity! Oh strange this is very unseemly—And I'll be gone lest Choler arise, and I exceed the bounds of Discretion: Oh, my Lord, this is very unseemly. *[Exit.]*

*Duke.* Now will he be musty this month, and we shan't get a word from him.

*Don Q.* Hah, what dreadful Sounds are these. *[Horrid Sounds are heard within.]*

*Card.* Most wonderful!

*[A Noise like a Womans Scream.]*

*Duke.* Oh yonder are the Lights, I see they are coming. *[To Cardenio.]*

*Don Q.* That last to me seem'd like the Cry of Women, this may be some Adventure worth my notice.

*Enter Dutches, Lucinda, Rodriguez, and Sancho, as frighted.*

*Dutch.* O save me, my Lord, save me.

*Duke.* How now, for Heavens sake what's the matter! *[Embraces her.]*

*Luc.* The Wood's all in a Flame, a thousand Spirits are in't, and all coming this way, Oh—What will become of us?

*Rodr.* One of 'em made me shriek so loud with a Fright, that I'm sure I could not be louder if I were to be ravish'd.

*San.* All Hell is broke loose yonder! There are Devils a-foot, and Devils in Coaches, and Devils of all sorts, shapes and sizes, oh! Where's this plaguey Chaplain now; I never had such a mind to Pray in my Life? Fly, fly, good Sir, oh Gadzooks, they'll be here in a twinkling.

*Don Q.*



Don Q. Why let her come, stand by me and fear nothing. *[Horrid noise again.]*

Duke. This is something more than natural, and I can't but amaze me.

*Enter Manuel disguised with a Devil, blowing a Horn.*

Lucifer. Save us ye Powers — What horrid thing is this?

Duke. I'll speak to't, for by Don Quixote's side, how terrible so'er it be, I cannot fear, speak thou frightful Vision — What art thou —

Man. I am a Devil.

Duke. Lucifer?

Man. No, his Butler: I fill up molten Lead in Cups of Agat to all the

Wretches that are damn'd for drinking.

Duke. What dost thou from thy Office then, and whither art thou going?

Man. My Master now has sent me out to Merlin, Prince of the Enchanters, who is coming yonder, bringing the Princess Dulcinea del Toboso with him enchanted, and I am sent before to seek a famous Knight they call Don Quixote de la Mancha, to tell him how the Princess may be freed.

Don Q. If thou wert a Devil of Parts and Understanding, thou wouldst have known, without my Information, that I am Don Quixote.

Man. By my Conscience and Soul, Sir, I think you are, and I beg your Pardon with all my heart; but I was so hurried in my several Cogitations, that I forgot the chief, as I hope to be saved.

Don Q. Gadzooks, I am not half so much afraid now as I was, this Devil seems to be a very honest Fellow, and I'll warrant him a good Christian, because he swears by his Soul and Conscience; but yet he makes me laugh to talk of Dulcinea's enchantment, ha, ha, ha — Must for that, I'm sure I know the Trick of that, better than any Devil of 'em all. *[Aside.]*

Man. Prepare thy self therefore, oh most Renowned, for here they come, clear, clear thy Eyes from dust, and pick thy Ears, that thou mayst take the Secrets with attention; nor be thou daunted, for Merlin holds thee well — I can say no more, the rest himself will tell. *[Exit blowing his Horn.]*

Don Q. I see Impertinence is a Vice amongst those in the other-World as well as this, this foolish Spirit might have spar'd his bidding me not be daunted, if he had known how to manage a Speech wisely.

Duke. The Butler was in the right, for here comes more of the Devil's Officers.

Don Q. Let him send all his Family, my Lord, I know how to answer them, I'll warrant ye —

*Musick sounds, and then a Dance of Spirits is performed, which ended, the Scene opens, and discovers Pedro driving the Merlin, and Page like Dulcinea sitting in a Chariot.*

Pedro. I come O vallant Knight, to let thee see the all the rest of sage Enchanters hate thee, that Merlin is thy Friend; here is thy Mistress enchanted to a foul rude Country Dowdy, by the malice of thy cruel Foe Morgana, and if thou see'st her now beauteous as formerly, 'tis through my present Grace, and to move pity in those that are concerned to disenchant her, for she must turn to her vile shape again till the curst Spell be ended, which to perform, observe my words with care, and listen to what the Destinies ordain.

Don Q. Most reverently, and in all humble duty, I thank the gracious Merlin for his Clemency.

Sanc. What a plague have I been in a Dream then all this while; and when I thought I had fooled others, am I a Fool my self; and is she really enchanted after all?

*Dutch.*



*Duke.* Now is Sancho at his wits end to know, whether he may believe his Eyes and Ears or no.

*Lafe.* But his Master there is wholly transported, the Lady Dulcinea's fair eyes have enchanted him more than she is by the Magician Zyrander, ha, ha, ha.

*Card.* Softly, sweet Love, they'll hear ye.

*Cam.* Why a man should believe that he has his own Nose on at this rate, I would have laid my Earldom that I am to have to a Gacumber, that I had enchanted her my self, and now Mr. Merlin there makes it out, that it was done before. Gadzooks! believe we are all enchanted, and Swarms of Devils, like Gnats and Flies, are buzzing in every corner.

*Don Q.* Peace Babbler, eternal Mill-Clack, let your Clapper lye still a while, that the great Merlin may unfold himself.

*Duke.* We have had the Prologue to't already, he has stroked his Beard three times—now one good sound Hem—and we have it.

*Pedro, speaking—* If Dulcinea, from an ugly Creature,  
Would be transform'd to the her former Feature,  
The Powers, who now her Beauty do retain,  
To free her from the Curse, do thus ordain;  
That Sancho shall three thousand Lashes give  
Himself; and them on Buttocks bare receive;  
This done, from her Incantment shall release her,  
But not perform'd, she shall be charm'd for ever.

*Sancho starts, and looks dismay'd.*

*Don Q.* A thousand Blessings fall on Merlin's Tongue, that like an Oracle has now delivered these happy Sounds—Oh Sancho, Brother Sancho, or how shall I stile thee, to express my self more tenderly, my Son, my Friend, now am I overjoy'd to know that thou art to be the glorious means of Dulcinea's Freedom; for now I reckon it as good as finish'd.

*Sancho.* Oh not too fast, good Sir; there's a great deal to be said upon this matter yet; An old Ape has an old Eye: I know well enough Mr. Merlin has ow'd me an ill-will ever since the Cage business, and now thinks to revenge himself upon my Buttocks for't; but 'tis all one, fore-warn'd, fore-arm'd, better a fair pair of heels, than dye at the Gallows; tho' I have an ounce of Brains, I may have a drachm, I can tell that four and five make nine, tho' I am no Computer.

*Don Q.* Oh prithee sheath sheath up thy Proverbs now if thou lov'st me, and prepare thy self to disinchant the Princess, dear Sancho.

*Sancho.* Ah now, tis dear Sancho, now you have occasion for my Buttocks 'tis dear Sancho; but just now I was a Babbler a Mill-clack, and every fool a Hoond, a Verrain and I know not what; therefore I gad I'll make much of one, good Men are scarce, the Hoond shall have more wit than to talk himself, I'll tell ye but that.

*Don Q.* How's this! Darst thou provoke my Rage by a Denial? *Duke.* Consider what you owe to the Merits of your Master, Sancho that sure must soften your hard Heart.

*Carden.* And to the Princess too—his Soul, his better part, from whose benign and wonderful Influence, all Honours must arise.

*Don Q.* He has three thousand Lashes—and alas—what are those.  
*Sancho.* Alas those are nothing, I warrant nothing; I Sancho miracle do, I but if your Ladyship's tender hide were to disinchant some body at this rate, I believe you would be glad to bate some of those. Ooms does your Grace believe my Buttocks are made of Buckskin?

*Lafe.*



*Don Q.* Really 'tis great pity the World should be deprived of such an excellent Beauty, and I am very certain that generous *Sancho* will quickly relent, and willingly sacrifice his Backside to end the Enchantment.

*Sancho.* Why there's another now, I warrant that squeaking Devil could snag a Man to death by her good will. Why what a plague has my generous Backside to do with Enchantments? [*Mimicking her.*] or why must I be obliged to demolish the Beauty of my Backside, to recover the Beauty of her Face? 'tis my Masters business I think, and since he is to enjoy the one, let him take the other along too, for my part I'll have nothing to do with it.

*Page as for Dulcinea.* Is it then possible, thou Soul of Lead, thou Marble-breasted Rocky-hearted Squire, that thou shouldst boggle at such easie Penance, to do thy Lord and me so great a Favour? Hadst thou been doom'd to eat a hundred Toads, three thousand Lizards, or a peck of Vipers, to smear thy Eye-lids, flea thy Head and Face, or broyl thy feet three hours upon a Grid-Iron, this had been something for thee to refuse; but since the thing impos'd is but a Flanging, a Punishment each pauntry School-boy laughs at, and which each rampant antiquated Sinner chooses for Pleasure; this to deny, especially when the Performance would retrieve my Beauty, supple my Skin, and make this Olive-colour'd Face as fair as now it seems, is a Barbarity unpardonable, and the World will hate thee for it.

*Don Q.* And let thy Sweetness know, that he shall do it, tho' he could herd with a young Brood of Gyants, fierce as the old that combated with *Yave-Harkee*, Rascal, Garlick-eater, I will tye thee naked to a Tree, and instead of the three thousand Lashes give thee six, and each of those six inches deep, if I but hear thee breathe another word like a refusal. [*Takes hold of Sancho, who trembles.*]

*Pedro.* Hold, noble Knight, thou errest, that must not be, for the great Powers have ordered the Penance done must not be forced but willingly.

*Sancho.* Why then every one as you were, and face about to the right again; God a mercy for that I faith Master *Merlin*. [*Getting from Don Quixote*] Looke, Sir, there's no more to be said, you hear what the grand Powers have ordered: Come, come, 'tis ill flaving against the hair; the wearer best knows where the Shoe wrings him; besides you know the old saying, Scratch my Back, and I'll Claw your Elbow; there's nothing to be done but by fair means, think of that, Sir.

*Don Q.* Why then a thousand times begging thy pardon, *Sancho*, I do intreat thy favour in this business. *Sancho.* Humh—humh—intreat my favour.

*Don Q.* Consider Friend, our future rise depends on the Performance; for wanting her Influence I can be no Emperor, nor thou no Governor, which if once done, I promise thee within a month at farthest.

*Sancho.* Why, ay, Sir, this is something now—but yet three thousand Lashes, humh—

*Duke.* Nay, as to that, if *Sancho* be so generous to disenchant the Lady, he shall not stay so long to have a Government, for I have now an Island at his service.

*Card.* Oh fortunate *Sancho*, Oh most happy Squire, I shall be proud to wait on him. *Duke.* And I. *Don Q.* And all of us.

*Sancho.* Ay marry Sir, now you found well indeed, there's no Squeaking in this Bagpipe; why 'tis a wonderful thing to think now, how Benefits have power to alter Resolutions, and how merrily an Ass will trip it up Hill, that's laden with Gold and Jewels, methinks I am strangely altered on the sudden, and am not so averie to this Lashing as before. *Don Q.*



Don Q. Well, are things yet according to thy wish, art thou now satisfied, that by my means, thou shalt become a Governour, does thy heart yet relent?

Sancho. It does, Sir, and you may see it in my Eyes. [*Weeping*] You may find by me too, that he that is obstinate, wears his Coat soonest threadbare, and Folly may hinder a Man of many a good turn. I beseech ye, Sir, to pardon my Proverbs, and thank the Duke there for his noble favour, which I do now resolve to deserve by my speedy disenchanted the Lady *Dulcinea*, who yet e're morning shall find her business much bettered, if my Buttocks can be but in humour.

Don Q. There spoke my Brother, my Right hand, my Genius.

Duke. The Islands name is *Barataria*—and here I do declare before ye all, Don Sancho is the Governour.

Ons. Long live the Governour of the Island *Barataria*.

Pedro. 'Tis well, and more to celebrate this hour, I by my Art will shew how I approve it.

*Pedro waves his Wand, then here is performed this Song sung by a Milkmaid, and followed by a Dance of Milkmaids.*

## S O N G.

I.  
YE Nymphs and Sylvan Gods,  
That love Green Fields and Woods,  
When Spring newly born,  
Her self does adorn,  
With Flowers and Blooming Buds,  
Come Sing in the Praise,  
Whilst Flocks do graze  
In yonder pleasant Vale,  
Of those that chase  
Their Sleeps to lose,  
And in cold Dew,  
With clouted Shoes,  
Do carry the Milking Pail.

II.  
The Goddess of the Morn,  
With Blushes they adorn,  
And take the fresh Air,  
Whilst Linnetts prepare  
A Consort on each green Thorn,  
The Ouse and Thrush,  
On every Bush,  
And the Charming Nightingal,  
In merry Vain,  
Their Throats do strain,  
To entertain  
The Folly Train  
That carry the Milking Pail.

III.  
When cold bleak Winds do Roar,  
And Flow'rs can spring no more,  
The Fields that were seen,  
So pleasant and green,  
By Winter all Caus'd o're,  
Oh! how the Town Lads,  
That carry the Milking Pail,

Looks with her white Face,  
And her Lips of deadly Pale:  
But it is not so,  
With those that go,  
Through Frost and Snow,  
With Cheeks that glow,  
And carry the Milking Pail.

IV  
The Miss of Courty Mould,  
Adorn'd with Pearl and Gold,  
With Washes and Paints,  
Her Skin does so taint,  
She's wither'd before she's old,  
Whilst she of Comrade,  
Purs on a Cart-load,  
And with Cushions plumps her Tail,  
What Joys are found,  
In Ruffet Gown,  
Young, Plump and Round,  
And Sweet and Sound,  
That carry the Milking Pail.

V.  
The Girls of Venus Game,  
That venture Health and Fame,  
In prancing Feats,  
With Cold and with Heat,  
Make Lovers grow Blind and Lame:  
If Men were so Wise,  
To value the Price,  
Of the Wares men fit for Sale,  
What store of Beaus,  
Wou'd dumb their Cloaths,  
To save a Nose,  
By following those  
That carry the Milking Pail.



*Carden.* Merlin is pleas'd at *Sancho's* Condescension, which he has prov'd by this strange Entertainment. *Don Q.* And *Dulcinea* smil'd most radiantly.

*Luscinda.* And at her going made a low bow to *Sancho*.

*Duke.* Come Governour, now let us home to Supper, where we'll confer about some publick matters relating to your Charge.

*Dutch.* Take heed you are not Cruel, our Islanders will ne'er endure a Tyrant.

*Sancho.* Oh let me alone for that Madam, I'll be as Mild as a Milch Cow. I have nothing rough about me but my Beard.

*Thus goes the World Sirs, many must fall low,*

*Whilst others rise up high;*

*Many get Governments the Lord knows how,*

*And so Gadlooks have I.*

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*Marcella walks over the Stage pensively.*

*Afterwards Enter Cardenio and Ambrosio.*

*Card.*—**S**O Cynthia rose amidst the Myrtle Grove,  
Like the Queen Mother of the Stars above. *[Speaking as Marcella passes by.]*  
Oh, dear *Ambrosio*, good morrow to thee, what you come from seeing Execution done upon *Diego*?

*Ambr.* I have seen him soundly whipt, and turn'd out of his Employment this morning.

*Card.* Insolent Villain! was there no one to attack but the chief Beauty of our Groves, the Glory of the Plains, and Darling of the Shepherds, the admired *Marcella*. *Leandro* her Father it seems was there too, who, I hear, has made a particular Suit to the Duke about his Daughter.

*Ambr.* Your Intelligence is good, Sir.

*Card.* My Intelligence is good: Why, how now Friend, art thou grown resty, is that all, to say my Intelligence is good? nay, then you shall find my Intelligence is better; for I heard a Bird sing, that the old Man, weighing your late brave action done for her, and knowing you to be the Dukes Kinsman, has made an offer of his Daughter for a Wife for you. *Ambr.* So Sir.

*Card.* So Sir, I gad, and I think very well too Sir, what a Pox ails thee? Why thou art as musty, as if thou hadst been offered a Witch without a Portion, or dost thou banter me with a Fit of Dissimulation? Hah, come, come, Sir, welcome your happy Planet with Smiles, *Plato*, *Socrates* and *Aristotle* are good Companions when a man has an Estate, but horribly dull and phlegmatick Fellows when the Aslets are wanting. *Ambr.* Very well, Sir.

*Card.* Thou art the Duke's Relation, and I know he loves thee, and will do very well for thee, but still a Fortune of thy own making is more honourable, and I know *Leandro* dotes on his fine Daughter, and will give her a world of Wealth; nor is his Family to be despised, for all he fancies a Rural Life among the Shepherds, he being, as I'm informed, lineally descended from the noble *Cid Ruy diaz*. *Ambr.* And what of all this, Sir?

*Card.* What of all this: Why then thou'rt a happy Fellow, I think, to have the



the prospect of enjoying so sweet a Creature, With so plentiful a Fortune: Yet what most surprises me is, to hear that her sudden Love to thee, has quite altered her nature, and she that from her Infancy, was noted for the most Reserved and Coy of all her Sex, now talks of Love, Blushes, sings Amorous Sonnets, and lives quite contrary to her former custom.

*Ambr.* So let her live, prithee why dost thou trouble me with the recital of a Womans Follies; their Wiles, their Mischiefs, and their Protean Changes, I know too well already; I am as well skilled in the Philosophy of that damning Sex, as e're was *Aretine*, and hate them as he did, with such a Rancour, that I have an *Odium* even for her that bore me, for being Female in her Generation; if thou wouldst please me, say the Plague's amongst them.

*But he that bids me for a Wife prepare,*

*Is forming the worst Hell, and fixing of me there.*

*Exeunt.*

*Card.* What the Devil ails him? the young Fellow's bewitch'd I think, I thought he came hither on purpose to follow her, for I'm sure I saw her go down that walk just now——But since 'tis otherwise, I'm certain she must meet him, and then a kind word, and a sweet look or two, I warrant will soon convert him from his Heresie.

*Enter Page.*

*Page.* My Lord Duke has been looking for ye, Sir, this hour, he is now in the Hall with the Dutchess, ready to see the second Exploit which we are going to banter Don Quixote with, which is the Adventure of the Countess *Trifaldi*; if you intend to laugh, Sir, come away, for we are just going to begin.

*Card.* I'll follow thee; the Jest must needs be excellent.

*[Exeunt.]*

*Re-enter Ambrosio and Marcella following.*

*Ambr.* Was ever man so reiz'd with what he hated, the more I shun the Plague, the more I am infected, how darest thou follow me?

*Marc.* What dares not Courage do? I am in your Debt, Sir, and like a generous Bankrupt, am so honest, I cannot rest, nor harbour any quiet, till I have made Repayment.

*Ambr.* By torturing me, is that the way Tormentor?

*Marc.* Heavens! can you talk of Tortures I being here, that undergo the greatest that are possible: Is there a greater Torture for a Woman, than to suppress her Humour, vail her Pride, which she sometimes calls Modesty, and be forced, blushing beneath a thousand thousand Shames, to curse her Stars like me, and own she loves.

*Ambr.* Why thou Antipodes to Amity, dost thou pretend to Love?

*Marc.* Oh that thy Tongue were a sharp-pointed Dagger to wound my Heart, that it might bleed an answer, as it does now my——Soul when it compels me to answer yes——I do.

*Ambr.* What me, is't me thou lovest, speak sweet Damnation.

*Marc.* I will not speak, thou Devil!——Gods what am I doing——Oh——give me back one minute of my past strength, that I may have the pleasure but of Railing a little at him, and 'twill be Heaven to me; where does thy Witchcraft lye, thou Sorcerer, in thy Eyes, thy Tongue, or in what other part? Tell me, that I may tear the fatal Charm, and give my poor tormented Soul some ease.

*Ambr.* Hey, Fits, Eruptions! This is Woman right now, there's now a Legion of Cub-Devils within her, that tumble up and down and make her mad.

*Marc.* Forgive me, Sir, these strange Effects of Passion, these stubborn Weeds, which I will now endeavour to root out and demolish.

*Ambr.* That was a flattering Find now; soft and moving, to make us think she is a Foe to Pride.

*D 2*

*Marc.*



*Marc.* I have seem'd proud, Sit, but 'twas all Hypocrisie, which Patience and warm pursuing had discovered, as now your Charms have done, and made me flexible.

*Ambr.* Ha, ha, ha, ha, now dearest *Christstone*, look down and smile to see the Victim offered to revenge thee.

## S O N G.

-I.

**D**amon let a Friend advise ye,  
Follow *Cloris* tho she flies ye,  
Tho her Tongue your Suit is slighting,  
Her kind Eyes you'll find inviting.  
Womens Rage, like shallow Water,  
Does but shew their lawless Nature,  
When the Stream seems rough and frowning,  
There is still least fear of drowning.

-II.

Let me tell the advent'rous Stranger,  
In our Calmness lies our Danger,  
Like a River's silent Running,  
Stillness shews our Depth and Cunning.  
She that Ralls ye into Trembling,  
Only shews her fine Dissembling,  
But the Fanner, to abuse ye,  
Thinks ye Fools, and so will use ye.

*Ambr.* A well-tun'd Devil this, oh she has great variety——

*Marc.* There are a thousand Fraillties in our Sex, which every day and hour succeed each other, uncertain natures with uncertain Passions, sway'd by the Ebb and Flowings of our Blood by Seasons, as the Tide is by the Moon; like Rowers we look one way——move another.

*Scotb with our Tongues, to make Mankind obey,  
But scarcely ever think the things we say.*

*Ambr.* Go on, for now thou'rt on a Theme that pleases me, rail at thy Sex, and I will hear with patience, nay help thee onwards thus——Even from your Infancy you shew the Serpent in your perverse Natures, cry for each Bawble, then pout and be sullen: The stubborn Curse grows as 'twere seeded in ye, and springs uncultured from the first Original.

*Marc.* We very often shew a Bud, 'tis true of Mischiefs, that bloom out in riper years.

*Ambr.* Why that's honestly own'd, and shews thou hast some conscience, prithee proceed; come to the Girl of ten.

*Marc.* Her chief delight is, e're she can be one, to be thought a Woman; she always stands on Tiptoes, and her hand is never from her Breasts to make them grow.

*Ambr.* Right again, right dear Sin-breeder, very right——proceed.

*Marc.* Boys of her own age she hates mortally, but still extreamly pleased when Men accost her; to call her Miss, is an Affront unpardonable; but tell her she is grown tall and fit to marry, you win her Heart, then you shall see her Smicker, and make a thousand silly apish Faces, to let you see how well she understands ye.

*Ambr.* Young Crocodiles; but go on thou incomparable Orator, thou *Cicero* in Petticoats, prithee, go on——Come to their Womanhood, their Pride of Eighteen, and so to One and twenty; What are they then thou *Sibyl*?

*Marc.* He rallies me, this base Invective pleases him. [Aside.  
Then——Why then they are a second Race of Angels——The greatest Blessings Heaven e're gave Mankind. [Angrily to him.

*Ambr.* Aw——Nay if thou flagg'st to thy old course I hate thee; come I'll refresh thy Genius with a scrap of Poetry I lately met with in an honest Satyr, that suits exactly with the present Theme.



*At Fourteen Tears young Females are contriving Tricks to tempt ye,  
At Sixteen Tears come on and Woo, and take of Kisses plenty;  
At Eighteen Tears full grown and ripe, they're ready to content ye;  
At Nineteen sly and mischievous, but the Devil at One and twenty.*

There, there's a Poetical touch now to inspire thee; come, prithee go on now.  
*Marc.* Oh Heaven, he makes me his mean Jest, and I ungratefully have been exposing my Sex to entertain his Vanity.

*Amb.* Nay, either rail quickly or I'll be gone, I have no other business with thee.

*Marc.* Yes, thou insulking Monster, I will rail, but it shall be at thee, thou Seed of Rocks, unnatural Brute, thou shame of all that call themselves of Humane Race.

*Amb.* Thou Woman.

*Marc.* Have I been from my Infancy adored, my Person been the Idol of thy Sex, and drawn more Worshipers than often Heaven it self, to pay Devotion to my Beauty's Altar; and is it possible that thy Humanity can so degenerate, to think me——

*Amb.* Woman.

*Marc.* Reject a Joy too precious for thy hopes, and barbarously use me like——

*Amb.* A Woman——Woman, that I could wish, with all her Kind, were doom'd to stand in one great Field of Flax, and I had power to set it on a blaze: Remember *Chrysothome*, there, there's the cause

*That 'twixt thy Sex and me breeds endless Jar,  
And for whose sake I shall till death abhor.*

*Marc.* Do: But yet e're thy death, I beg the Powers Divine, thou mayst find one, one Woman, to give thee as little rest, as thou hast left me now; for I shall never never rest agen: Racks, Poyson, Flames, Halters, and Cutting Swords, I long methinks, I long to use ye all: this comes of being Coy, and of dissembling.

*All stubborn Maids, let my Example guide,  
Henceforth ne're Sacrifice your Love to Pride:*

*Take whilst you can, the kind deserving be,  
Lest, in Refusing, you Repent like me.*

[Exit.

## SCENE II.

*Enter Duke, Don Quixote, Dutchess, Luscinda, Cordenio and Rodriguez.*

*Don Q.* Your Grace has here a very pleasant Prospect, the Landskip filled with sweet variety; and then the Sea at distance near that Champian, makes the view more delightful.

*Duke.* A Seat for Sports, Sir, during the Summer Season, I hope your Valour rested well to night Sir: How fares the noble Governour of *Barataria* too? Have you seen him this morning?

*Don Q.* Not yet my Lord, which in some little measure causes my wonder.

*Dutch.* Oh you must consider Sir, the Task he has undertaken; the Zeal perhaps to dis-inchant your Lady speedily, might make him lash himself so much last night, as may require him to rest more in the morning. But see here he comes.

*Cord.* Your Grace has found the Reason, it must be so.

*Lusc.* Mrs. Rodriguez there tells me, he has been writing a Letter to his Wife this morning, to inform her of his change of Fortune, and invite her to his Government.

*Rodrig.* He write it, I beg your pardon, good Madam, I told ye the Stewards Clerk writ it for him; for his part, poor Peasant, he can neither Write nor Read; he'll make a rare Governour.

*Duke.*



*Duke.* Oh never the worse for that, Mrs. *Rodriguez*, the essential part of a Governour is Judgment.

*Dutch.* And *Rodriguez*, I'd advise you to take care how you vilifie him, *Sancho* is very Satyrical—and there's an old Grudge depending between ye, about *Dapple* you may remember, here he comes, we shall now have an Account of his Letter and the rest.

*Enter Sancho.*

*Don Q.* How does my Friend, my Intimate, for since the Duke has honoured thee, and the Fates have ordained thee to do me such a signal Courtesie, 'tis fit I take thee into the List of Friends: Well, and how go matters, hah—Troth thou look'st lean upon it, I'm afraid thou hast over-jerked thy self; no don't do so neither—Dear *Sancho*, come prithee tell me how many hundred, hah.

*Sancho.* Hundred, Sir, hold a blow there a little, Soft and fair goes far, and let him that owns the Cow, take her by the Tail; 'Tis easie to be Prodigal at another mans Cost. Oons dee think a Governour has but one Business in his head at a time—Charity, Master of mine, begins at home, you know; and ever while you live, Christen your own Child first: I have been cudgelling my Brains all this night, about writing a Letter to my Wife *Teresa*, and my Daughter *Mary*, (pray Heaven she don't dye of a Fit, when she hears she must come away and be a Countess;) so that betwixt one and t'other, as concerning the Lashes, to be plain with ye, I could give my self but Five of the Three thousand yet.

*Don Q.* But Five; oh unreasonable Hang dog; my Lord Duke, Did your Grace ever hear such a pitiful sneaking Account?

*Duke.* I faith, Friend *Sancho*, five was too few of all conscience.

*Card.* 'Tis a palpable Affront to the Princess, five hundred had been too few.

*Sancho.* Dee hear, pray Friend, will you meddle with your own matters, go too, there's many will Shuffle the Cards that won't Play; and I beseech your Grace consider me rightly, I'll make my Master full amends another time, for tho they were but five, yet they were laid on with my hand, and with a thumping good will I promise ye.

*Dutch.* Blows with a hand, Friend Governour, are rather Claps than Lashes, and yours, I see there, is so soft, that I fear the Sage *Merlin* will hardly accept of such Effeminate Discipline.

*Sancho.* Why then, if your Grace pleases to provide me a good Holly-bush against night, I will so fegue my Buttocks before morning, that you shall say I have earn'd my Government I'll warrant ye; and I propose this the more willingly, because I intend to enter upon't to-morrow, as my Lord Duke has promised.

*Lusc.* That indeed, Madam, may do something to the purpose.

*Dutch.* Dee hear, *Rodriguez*—Let there be such a Bush got ready.

*Rodr.* What means your Grace, I beseech ye consider my place, and what I officiate in; and since lashing the Buffoon is necessary, let some of the Fellows of the Stable exercise him with a Horse-whip.

*Sancho.* Marry gep goody Sock-mender, what you are too good are ye—Well, from the Conscience of an old Bawd, and the Pride of a fussy Waiting-woman, good Lord deliver me. If I had desired ye to lead my *Dapple* after me to my Government, how you would have cock'd up your Nose, I warrant.

*Rodr.* What Creatures of that course kind; What Asses are ever used to go to Governments, thou unpollish'd Animal?

*Sancho.* Why, thou Pomatum-Pot, didst never hear of an Ass that went to a Government in thy Life—Ah Pox on thee, where hast thou been used.

*Duke.*



*Duke.* Oh a hundred, a hundred, the grand *Sancho* speaks but reason.

*Dutch.* What noise is this?

[*Drum beats within, and Trumpet sounds.*

*Don Q.* The sound is dismal, and it seems to me, as if some strange Adventure were at hand.

*Card.* It must be so, see here they come upon us.

*Dutch.* Some Embassy to the great *Don Quixote* without doubt.

*Sanc.* A Plague on their Embassy, who e're they are, I don't like their coming at this time—If this Adventure now should put any stop to my Government—I should make bold to wish their long-nos'd Embassador hang'd there.

*Enter two with Drum and Fife sounding boarshly, and marching solemnly o're the Stage; then Enter Pedro disguised like a Chinese, with great Whiskers, and a large long Crooked Nose on his Face, leading in Mannel drest antickly in a long Robe, with three Shirts held up by three Pages and veil'd, attended by four Waiting-Women veil'd and drest antickly, then four Anticks in several shapes, bearing a Table, on which stands the Figure of a large Golden Head; they go round the Stage, and then the Table and Head being placed in the middle, they dance; then Pedro advances to the Duke and speaks.*

*Pedro.* Most noble Prince, you must be pleased to know, that in the flourishing Kingdom of *Candaya*, I am known by the Name of *Pierres* the Hardy, otherwise called the Knight of the *Roman Nose*, only Brother to the Countess *Trifaldi*, otherwise called the afflicted matron: The Lady you see yonder, who in her Prosperity, was chief Lady, or Waiting-woman, to the Queen *Dona Magunsia*, Dowager to King *Archipiello*, and from his Territories, thus far is come to kiss your mighty hands, and your fair Dutcheffes, and to intreat a favour.

*Duke.* Thrice worthy Knight—Your self and the good Countess are most welcome.

*Dutch.* And tell her Sir, if any Grieffs oppress her, we shall be very glad to bring her Comfort.

*Pedro.* Your Beauty is most generous; but e're I proceed to that, I must desire to know, whether the valorous and invincible Knight *Don Quixote de la Mancha* be in your Castle, in whose search principally, to say the truth, she comes.

*Duke.* Tell her then likewise noble *Pierres*, that here is the valiant Knight *Don Quixote*, from whose generous Condition, she may safely promise her self all Courtesie and assistance.

*Pedro.* Then, blest be our happy Stars—I will inform her instantly.

*Card.* Oh admirable Function of Knight-Errantry, beyond all other happy!

*Lusc.* Oh Vertue excellent, to whom Ladies come from the remotest Regions of the Earth, to sue for Succour.

*Duke.* Secure in his strong Arm, and never-failing Valour.

*Don Q.* Now I could wish my Lord, that Prating Gown-man, that dull Bag-pudding Priest, that lately rail'd at Chivalry—were by, to see whether such Knights are necessary.

*Duke.* Oh, a home-bred Book-worm, you must not think of him. Nay Madam, this must not be, we are your Servants all.

*Dutch.* Your merit claims respect, madam, from every one, therefore pray sit by us, and please to unfold your Grieffs. [*The Countess Trifaldi comes and kneels to the*

*Duke, he takes her up, and he, and the Dutcheffes, seat her in a Chair.*

*Man.* Illustrious Beauty, as soon as my full Heart and faulting Tongue will give me leave I shall: But in the first place, I must desire to know, whether the

most



most purifiediferous Don Quixote of the *Manchissima*, and his Squireiferous Panca be in this Company or no?

*Sanc.* Why look ye Forsooth, without any more Flourishes, the Governour Panca is here, and Don Quixotissimo too, therefore most afflictedissimus Matronissima speak what you willissimus, for we are all ready to be your Servitorissimus.

Don Q. Upon my Honour straightned Lady, let me but know the Tenor of your Wrongs, they shall not want redress, and now you hear Don Quixote speak himself.

*Man.* Art thou the Man? blest be that *Madrid* Phiz, those Toothless Jaws, and that way-beaten Body; here at thy Feet I prostrate my Unworthiness, to beg assistance from thy Magnanimity.

Don Q. Oh Madam, Madam, what do you mean? By my Honour this must not be. [Raises her up.]

*Man.* And thou more Loyal Squire, than ever followed in past or present times, the ragged Fortunes of so august and so renown'd a Master; thou second part of Errantry, longer in Goodness than my Brothers Nose there; thus do I shake thy Fist, and thus conjure thee to bear thy part in my Affair with willingness.

*Sanc.* Why truly Mistress, as to what you say, of my Honesty in following my Master—Ragged or not ragged, wet or dry, I think you are pretty right; but when you say, my Goodness is longer than that Gentlemans Nose, there I must beg your pardon, Gadzooks 'tis a meer Complement, faith it comes short of that, I assure you.

*Man.* Be pleased to know then, valorous and untamed Sir, that in the Queen *Donna Maguncia's* Court, I being Governess to the young Princess *Antonomafia*, and hindring her from marrying the Giant *Malamburno*, a great Inchanter; He, to vent his Rage more sensibly upon us, did it on our most tender part, our Faces, thatching our Chins, as you may behold them, with these unseemly Beards, and loathsome Bristles.

*Duke.* 'Tis wonderful! [They unveil themselves, and shew their Faces all Bearded.]

*Dutch.* Beyond all thought amazing!

*Lusc.* The Inchanter shew'd his Malice to the height.

*Card.* To make a Witch of a Woman before she comes to be Fifty, is very hard. [Sancho feels one of the Beards.]

*Sanc.* The Hair is plaguy fast set on; the Inchanter, as ye call him, has bearded them with a vengeance; why this would undo the poor Devils in a little time; if they're inclin'd to be cleanly, they'll spend all their Portions in one Year, only in paying for their Shaving.

Don Q. How my Blood boyls against this dam'd Inchanter! for I perceive now this Disgrace of theirs is done in spite of me, he knows I hate a Woman with a Beard—and now has plagu'd me with them in a Cluster.

*Man.* But see how harmless Innocence gets Friends; we were no sooner bearded, as you see, but to our wonder, in the place appears this golden Head, charm'd with Prophetick Speech by the great *Merlin*, who bid us instantly travel into Spain to find Don Quixote, and with him his Sword and Buckler *Sancho Panca*, in whose renowned presence, he would discover the remedy to ease us of our Shames—This is our dismal Story, and thus far are we come famed Knight in quest of you, and lest you doubt the truth of my relation, question the Head, and you will then know more.

Don Q. Not that I question, most afflicted Lady, the truth of your strange Story;



Story; but to be satisfied in the method I must use in your relief, I will presume to interrogate the Head.

*Duke.* Now for the Oracle, thus far 'tis rarely carried.

*Card.* They act it to a Miracle. *Sancho* is so confounded yonder he cannot speak.

*Lusc.* Oh! they'll give him vent presently.

*Dutch.* Pray Heaven the Head be in a good humour, and has not got a Cold, that we may hear distinctly *Merlin's* order.

*Sancho.* Good Sir be pleased to begin as soon as you can, for else the Head, to my thinking by his gaping, will attack you with a Speech first.

*Don Q.* Hem, hem, thou admirable Head, what is my name?

*Head.* *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, otherwise called the Knight of the Ill-favoured Face.

*Sancho.* O Lord, and who am I, pray Mr. Head?

*Head.* The trusty *Sancho-Pancho*, and now the famous Governour of *Barataria*.

*Sancho.* The Devil's in't, I see there's no keeping Preferment secret, every ones Head, enchanted or not enchanted, will be meddling with other Peoples matters; and when am I to be settled in this Government, good Mr. Golden-pate?

*Head.* Not till the Adventure of the Beards is ended.

*Sancho.* Why then pray let it be ended quickly, for my Cloths are making; and my Wife is coming, and I must govern to-morrow, whether these good Women have Beards or no Beards.

*Don Q.* Be brief, incomparable Head, and let me know the way to dis-inchant the Countess.

*Head.* This night between the hours of twelve and one, *Merlin* will send thee an enchanted Horse, on which thou and thy valiant Squire must ride through the Region of the Air unto *Candaya*, to Combat the Curst Giant *Malambruno*, who by thy hand shall fall, and from that instant, the hairs shall peel from these disconsolate Faces, and every Chin be smooth as Infant Beauty.

*Don Q.* Thanks to the gracious *Merlin*, and let the Horse but come, I'll in a trice be with this horrid Giant. *Sancho* prepare, for I will lose my Beard among those Infidels, e're suffer these to grow a moment longer.

*Sancho.* Dee hear, dee hear Sir, pray let Discretion rule the Roast with ye a little, I am a Governour now, and can speak Sentences by the Dozen, what a Plague have we to do with Giants of *Candaya*? How do you think the Princess *Dulcinea's* business will go on, if I am galling my Buttocks in a Journey towards *Candaya*? And as for these Gentlewomen, they'll do well to get into some Country or other where there's but little Sun-shine, they may do business well enough in the Dark; for the Proverb says, When Candles are out, all Cats are Grey.

*Man.* Oh, barbarous, art thou to be a Civil Judge, and canst thou want Compassion? Whither Inhumane shall we fly for Succour, who'll take a Waiting-woman with a Beard on?

*Sancho.* Well, well, that's all one, I shan't ride for all that.

*Card.* Truly Sir Governour, the Countess is in the right, a Lady with a Beard, will look but oddly in a Queens Bed-chamber.

*Dutch.* Oh, the grand *Sancho* is a greater Friend to our Sex, than to suffer such Ignominy through his default.

*Don Q.* I have taught him more Humanity I am sure!

*Sancho.* Ay, you may talk, but this shan't get me on Horse-back, for tho I am a



Friend good enough to the Sex, yet I am for letting every one shave her self as she can. Now am I piping-hot just ready to enter upon my Government, and here's the Devil of a Head would hinder it, to send me of a Fools Errant as far as *Candaya*, Gadzooks, let Waiting-women go hairy to their Graves, I'll not jolt so far to take away any ones Beard; not I, if my Master has such a mind to it, let him do it alone, I have other business enough he knows.

*Duke.* Why Friend, the Island is rooted fast in the Earth, 'twill stay for ye till ye come again; besides, I find there is a necessity for your going: What say'st thou fam'd Head? Can Don *Quixote* end the Charm alone?

*Head.* No, 'tis impossible, *Sancho* must go, or these be Bearded over.

*Sanc.* Oons, ye damn'd chattering Devil, ye Lye, and I'll see if I can Conjure you into a better Opinion; now I'm provoked, I'll see what kind of Witchcraft lurks within ye here. How now. *[Snatches off the Golden-head from the Table, and discovers the Page bare-faced, who is hid within it.]*

What a Plague have we here?

*Pedro.* A Pox on him, the Cholerick Fool has discovered us.

*Man.* 'Tis so, he has spoil'd the rest of the Scene; come, let us take the Page away, and carry off all with a Laugh—ha, ha, ha, a Trick, a Trick, ha, ha.

*Omnes.* A Trick, a Trick, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha. *[They all get off, Ex.]*

*Duke.* 'Tis plain now, this is a meer piece of Roguery.

*Dutch.* Invented, I warrant, by some Enemy to Knight-Errantry.

*Luscin.* And acted by some of the Mobile of the Village.

*Queen.* That heard of his high soaring Fame no doubt, and therefore thought to blast it with this Jest. Don Q. Poor Insects, I despise them.

*Sanc.* Ha, ha, ha, ha,—but what says Mr. *Head* here all this while to the business? Shall my Master and I go a Voyage to *Candaya*? good Mr. *Head*, ha, ha, ha, ha, humph, what dee say nothing to it, to Shave a parcel of rotten Waiting-women? Admirable Mr. *Head*, ha, ha, ha, ha, I think I have routed your Inchantment, I faith, ha, ha, ha, what thinks your Worship of the business; as the Natural said to the Bishop, Who is the Fool now?

Don Q. Peace Buffle, all Drolls are below me to take notice of.

*Duke.* Ay, ay, Don *Quixote*'s in the right; and so is likewise the Grand *Sancho*, to honour whom, for this last witty Discovery, I'll instantly send for his Robe, and prepare his Officers to wait on him to his Government.

*To do such Feats, Ages to come shall brag on,*

*Sanc.* Nay, when I'm there, I'll govern like a Dragon.

*[Exeunt.]*

## ACT IV. SCENE I. *The Town.*

*Enter Teresa, and Mary Panca, in poor Clothes.*

*Mary.* Come, come, Mother, pray be pacified and chear up a little better; and since my good Vather is got to be a Governour, and has sent for us hither to this curious place to be Countesses and vine Volk, S'lidikins let's go to't merrily, and not look Sneaking, as if we were going to be hang'd for Sheep-stealing.

*Teres.* Ah, *Mary*, if I am melancholly, 'tis upon thy account, for thou'lt prove not an awkerd Countess I'm afraid, now the Blessing is fallen upon us; halt left off



off blowing thy Nose between thy Fingers Mary, and wiping it upon thy Smock-sleeves, Child.

Mary. Yes that I have pray, and dipping my Knuckles in the Platter too.

Teres. And playing at See-saw a strodle cross a Board with the Plow-men; and above all, thy dearly beloved Delight, moulding of Cockle-bread.

Mary. Aw, I have left 'em all off I packins, my Vather shall see when he comes, that his Daughter Mary shawnt disgrace her Gentility, he shall find me so chang'd in my Discourie, and my way so altered, that, Oddsidikins, he shall hardly know me again.

Teres. Ah Blessing on the good Man's Heart, here's his Letter, and little did I think, that my Sanebo could have made his words good that he said to me, when he left me to go a Squiring: Good-lack-a-day, I have been so overjoy'd ever since I had it, and have read it so often, and kiss'd it and thumb'd it so much, that I have almost worn the Letter out; it has had two or three mischances too, for the same day I had it, putting it into my Bosom as I was a Washing, and being taken up with thinking, I dropt it into the Tub amongst the foul Suds; but I warrant ye I snatcht it out with haste enough; but then again, to see the ill Accidents that come, by being over-fond of a thing, at night, carrying it to Bed with me, and reading it with Joy, by an inch of Candle, which I held in my hand, I fell a-sleep, the Light went out I know not how, and in the morning I found the Candle in my hand, squeez'd as flat as the Letter, and, Gad forgiye me, the Letter in the Chamber-pot.

Mary. Good-now let's see it a little, for I am hugely pleased with the Dress that the Dutch have found out for us here.

Teres. The Dutch have found out; why did ever any one see such a simple Hoiden, 'tis not the Dutch that have found it out for us Fool, 'tis a huge great Lady that's Wife to one Duck, a huge great Lord, that the Letter says has done it, ye silly Jade. [Takes the Letter.]

Mary. Duck, Duck, good lord Mother, that you should mistake so, why what a Dickins, dee think I can't read, here's no Duck nor Mallard neither, I tell ye 'tis the Dutch, look here else; let's read again.

Mary reads.] Therefore now Goody B. E. A. N. Goody Bean-belly (Lord blefs us, my Vather you know us'd to Joake, and often call ye so Mother) ha, ha, ha, ha, lift up your G. O L L S, and thank Heaven that you are now a Governours Wife; my Lady the Dutch. ay here 'tis now.

Teres. Where, where is't now, ye blind Oatmeal eater? [Teresa reads.] Hemh, That you are now a Governours Wife; my Lady the Dutcheffs; the Dutcheffs ye ignorant Jade, that is, as I said before, the Ducks Wife, has sent my Daughtier Mary a rich piece of Stuff, to make her a modish Dress: 'Tis she has sent it Clod-pate, not the Dutch, who ever knew them mind any Modes or Dresses either, ye senseless Mawkin.

Mary. Well, well, but then here again a little farther is best of all. [She takes the Letter.] I intend to marry Moll out of hand; ha, ha, ha, ha, for her B. U. B. her Bubbies grow large, and seem to make motion for a Husband, ha, ha, ha. — Well, my Vather's a parlous man I'll say't, O my Soul and Conscience he knows ones mind as well as if he were in one.

Teres. Ay, Lord save him, the man had more in him than ever we thought Mary; and then let's see here I come in, in the next line—Humph. [She reads.]



Come to me as best thou canst, and against thy coming, I will provide thee a Coach, for I go to my Government to-morrow, with intent to make Money, as all other Governours do.—Dapple is well, and commends him heartily to thee. [She takes the Letter.

Mary. Ah, bless the Soul of him, would the pretty Creature were here, that I might Buss him a little. [Teresa takes the Letter.

Teresa. Ah Gimminy, I could eat the Letter up methinks:—Well, dear Sancho, or dear Governour, here I am come to thee at last; good Lord Mary! I can but think upon his former words, which, Oddfiggers, I could ne'er have believed then, tho now I find 'em true. Teresa, said he, thou wert born to be a Countess, the what dee call 'ems, Planets I think he call'd 'em, have allotted thee Honours, said he; Thou hast an Eye like a Countess, says he; a Cocking Nose like a Countess, says he; a shape like a Countess, a jetting Bum like a Countess, and a—every thing like a Countess, said he; and Good-lack a day, to see how the dear Man's words fall out.

Mary. Oddsidikins, I am so merry, I could leap out of my Skin methinks; but come Mother, now let's settle our faces, and enquire for the Governour Sancho's House, pray.

Teresa. It must be here about I'm sure, by the directions of the Letter: Oh! here comes a Gentleman, I'll enquire of him. Now Mary look to your self, be sure.

Enter Mannel.

Man. Well, they may talk of Proteus and his Changes, but in so small a time, if ever he wore so many shapes as I have done, I much wonder, the blunt Fool Sancho by chance made shift to frustrate our last Design, but I'll try if he has Brains enough to find me out in this Disguise. I am now, by my Lord Duke's order, to be Secretary, and Civility-Master, to Fool him and his Wife in their new Government: He, I hear, is upon his way hither, and she too ought to be here to meet him, with the Dowdy her Daughter, I wonder their Tawny Ladiships stay so long.

Mary. Sir, Gentleman, if I may presume to be so bold.

Teresa. Prithee hold thy Tongue, [Putting her by.] I'll speak to him my self; Hem, hem, if your business Sir [Makes awkward Curtesies.] be not much in haste, be pleas'd to know Sir, that I am the Governour Sancho's Wife Sir, and therefore desire you would do your self the Honour Sir, to conduct me to his House Sir.

Man. It must be they, their Comical Figures shew they can be no other.

Mary. And took Friend, I am his Daughter. Now you must know, otherwise called Mary the Buxom; and now you know us, pray will you tell my Vather—that we are come, dee hear.

Man. In happy time good Ladies, for I have been here ready this two hours to attend your motion.

Mary. D'slikins, dee hear Mother, he calls us Ladies already. [Aside.

Teresa. Humph, you will be prating still, you will shew your self a Hoyden; why look Friend, to deal plainly, we had made our noble Entrance sooner, but the Waggon broke, and we were forced, for three hours, to tarry the mending.

Man. The Waggon, why did your Excellencies then condescend to make your approaches to your Government, by the contemptible Convenience of a Waggon?

Teresa. Why truly yes Friend, for want of a better, our Excellencies for once made a hard shift.

Mary. There was ne'er a Cart to be had in Town, you must know, but one, that was carrying Lime to make Morter to mend the Town-Hall.



*Man.* A Cart! a Chariot sure you must mean Miss-Pritty.

*Teref.* A Cart, did you ever hear such a Jade, ay, ay Sir, Miss meant a Chariot as you say: Pox take her, would she were whipt at a Cart a little; a thing that runs upon Wheels Sir; a fine stately thing that runs I say upon Wheels. *[To Mary aside.*

*Man.* Ay, it may run upon Legs for any thing thou knowest of it. *[Aside.* Ay, ay, your Ladyship is in the right, it does run upon Wheels indeed: But come now, I beseech you, give me leave to usher ye to your Houle, I am my self a small Officer under the Governour and your Ladyship; to him I serve as Secretary, and to you as Civility master.

*Teref.* Good Mr. Civility, I shall soon know your good Qualities.

*Mary.* Oh, ho, ho, O Lord! I can't keep from laughing for the life of me.

*Man.* My duty at present, is to conduct you to the Chief Matron, to be new dress'd, as fits a Governours Wife—it must be done instantly—therefore pray follow me, that you may be ready to receive your Lord, who intends to be here at Dinner.

*Teref.* Well, pray lead the way Friend; I'll warrant I'll keep touch with ye.

*Mary.* Lord bless us, what's to be done now, I am in such a quandary I know not what I say nor do, for my part. *Exeunt with Mannel.*

## S C E N E II.

*Enter Duke, and Sancho dress'd Fantastically as a Governour, between him and the Dutchess, Luscinda, Cardenio, Rodriguez and Servants following.*

*Duke.* Have the Chief Citizens, and leading men of the Island, notice of their new Governours arrival?

*Servant.* They have my Lord, and this is the place where they design'd to meet him.

*Duke.* 'Tis well, is there ought else, my most illustrious Don, in which my self, or the Dutchess there, can honour ye?

*Don Q.* De'death, is that a look like a Governour, hold up thy head for shame; his Joy, my Lord, has prest so much upon his Spirits, his Tongue at present is not at liberty.

*Card.* The Favours these illustrious Persons bestow hourly, would make a Dumb-man speak to return thanks. *Lusc.* And yet he stands as if he did not mind 'em.

*Dutch.* Any thing in my power, the noble Governour is sure he may command, unless it be to give him leave to Ravish my Woman Rodriguez.

*Rodr.* Me, I had rather see his Governourship hang'd, than he should come but as near as to whisper me—marry choak him, what the first day of his wearing Socks. *Don Q.* Oons is he Dumb indeed. *[Jogs Sancho.*

*Sancho.* Hark good Mistress Conserve-maker, hold your self contented; All Rats, lookee, care not for mouldy Cheese; if your Virginity is to be hanged upon the Tree till I shake it off, the Crows may come and pick at it for Sancho.

*Card.* Oh, this is well now, a few wise sayings from a Governour look decently.

*Sancho.* Some of which should profit your pert Lady then methinks, that she is so quick at putting her Spoon into another mans Porridge: Look Friend, too much Tongue, too much Tail—I say no more, but the Hen discovers her Nest by Cackling.

*Lusc.* Oh unfortunate Person, now have I rowz'd a sleeping Lyon that will tear me to pieces.

*Dutch.*



*Dutch.* No, no, Madam, the wise Governour will consider the frailty of our Sex:

*Sanc.* As to your Grace, I must needs say I am beholding, and if my Government stretch to my mind but an inch or two, I will shew my self thankful as well as I can — but for your Fleerers — and especially Goody Warming-Pan there, the Governour turns his Rump upon 'em, as things below his place and Sagacity.

*Rodr.* Well, and I turn my Rump upon thee too — 'Ddise ye were but a Stirrup-holder the t'other day, were ye?

*Duke.* Come good words *Rodriguez*, there is distinction between *Sancho* and you now.

*Rodr.* Ay, the worse World in the mean time — I thought I might have deserved an Honour from your Grace, considering all things, as well as that Sheep-shearer. [Weeps.]

*Card.* Ha, ha, ha, Faith my Lord, Mrs. *Rodriguez* is in the right, and but that the Governour here has got the start of us, and that his People are coming to wait upon him, I would put one Shoulder to heave him out of his Authority, for the hard Joke he gave my Wife.

*Sanc.* I, but in the mean time, don't fell the Bears Skin before you have caught him: All are not Thieves that Dogs bark at; You may turn the Buckle behind ye now Friend.

*Enter Pedro and Baratarians.*

*Pedro.* Health to the Duke, and next the Governour, [Bowing to the Duke and Sancho.] to whom I, as his Physician in ordinary, — and the Mouth of these grave Citizens, thus tender homage — and am proud — t'inform him we come to wait upon him to his Government.

*Don Q.* Your Hat, *Sancho* your Hat, 'Dddeath don't you see they are all bare-headed: Come, come, look grave and speak after me, we'll imitate the Polish Election, and give it them in Latin — *Sit bonus Populus.*

*Sanc.* *Sit bonus Populus.*

[Speaks loud and Clownishly.]

*Don Q.* *Bonus ero Gubernator.*

*Sanc.* *Bonus ero Gubernator.* [They shout.]

*Duke.* So then, since all things move in their right order, here now let us part, and *bonos nocios* Governour.

*Sanc.* The Governour is your Graces Footstool my Lord.

*Duch.* I hope your Excellency will let us hear sometimes of your Transactions.

*Sanc.* Madam, there shall not be a Pound of Butter weighed, nor yet a Pudding be enrich'd with Plums, wherein your Graces shall not have a Finger.

*Duke.* Oh! Air, Air — I shall choak else, ha, ha, ha.

[Aside.]

*Card.* Well, since it must be so, adieu most noble Governour. [They make their Congee, and Exit all but Don Quixote, Pedro and Baratarians.]

*Don Q.* I yet must be a minute with my Friend, I'll follow your Grace instantly: You Sirs, I must desire t'absent a little too, I have some private business with the Governour. How now my kind Companion in my Travels, what means this Tenderness?

[Pedro and the rest go out, Sancho weeps.]

*Sanc.* Nature works, Sir — I never look upon that scurvy Phiz of yours, nor think upon the many Drubs and Bruises you are to suffer, but my Bowels earn after ye, just like a Mother for her First-born — oh!

[Weeps.]

*Don Q.* Brother *Sancho*, introth this is too kind, come think of governing Man, and let that cheer thee, in which Station to give thee some few Instructions, I have pickt out this minute, therefore mind me.

[Embraces him.]

*Sanc.* I will, Sir, and beseech ye speak slowly that I may keep pace with ye, because you know my Understanding was always rather for the Trot than the Gallop.

Don



Don Q. I'll fit it to a hair, hem, to begin then; if thou wouldst make thyself a proper Governour for these times, thou oughtst principally to adorn thyself with these three Vertues or Qualifications, which are Morality, Conscience, and Decency. And first, of the first, to have, or be thought to have Morality, is extremely useful for a Governour, if it were for nothing but to be a Skreen, that People might not pry too much into his Religion, for if he is once noted for a moral Man (whither he be really so or no) let him be a Jew in his Opinion, or of no Religion at all, 'tis not Three-half-pence matter.

*Sanc.* I am glad of that Sir, for my Religion, like the rest of my good Parts, is somewhat Cloudy at present, 'tis like a Field of Corn ill manag'd, there will want a great deal of Weeding before the Crop would come to be good for any thing.

Don Q. Another part of Morality, *Sancho*, is Self-knowledge, to be sure not to forget thy Original, nor blush to own that thou comest of a poor Lineage, for when thou art not ashamed thyself, no body will seek to make thee so; but if thou shouldest, like the Frog, fancy thyself an Ox, thou art undone; for many hundreds now live, that know thou wert at first but a Hog-keeper.

*Sanc.* That's true, Sir; but then, 'twas when I was but a Boy, for when I grew up to be Mannish, I kept Turkeys and Geese, which is counted the better Preferment by much in *Spain*, you know.

Don Q. Well, let that pass; in the second place, a Governour ought to take care to have an admirable Conscience; he must have a Conscience so very tender, that a Fly can't buz upon it without making him squeek, it ought to sit straight and close to him, like a Thimble upon a Ladies Finger, and not as 'tis customary, like a Jockies Boot that he can stretch which way he pleases; this will best appear in his impartial Execution of Justice; and to avoid Corruption, or taking of Bribes, which is so tempting, and withal so Crying a Sin, that there is not one Governour in forty can forbear damning himself about it, do what he can.

*Sanc.* Why then, Lord have mercy upon my Soul too, for to deal plainly, I am afraid my Fingers (as well as the rest) will itch damnably to be handling the money.

Don Q. As to the manner of getting the Government, that piece of Self-denial is generally smothered, for if thou hast the Conscience to think thou deservest it, 'tis thy own fairly if thou canst get it in Course: I could be somewhat Satyrical upon thy parts now, but that I love thee *Sancho*, and therefore will desist; besides, to do thee Justice, thou art not the first that has got a Government he was not beholding to his Desert for.

*Sanc.* No, nor shan't be the last, Sir, for Desert is govern'd by Fortune you know, and in a double manner, for if some were to have their true deserts, they should be Princes and Governours presently; and if others, again, were to have theirs, Oons what an Army of Subjects here would be hang'd up in one Summer.

Don Q. Well dear *Sancho*, for that saying thou deservest not only to govern an Island, but an Empire; therefore to proceed briefly, because I see thy People wait, I'll come to the third good Quality proper for a Governour, which is Decency.

*Sanc.* I have an inkling, that that good Quality will be as proper for me, as any of the rest—because I suppose it relates to Cleanliness, good Breeding.

Don Q. Thou hast nick'd it, therefore be sure to take care to pare thy Nails, and scowre thy Teeth clean; and when thou sittest upon the Judgment-Seat, take special heed thou dost not Belch, nor Yawn, for those are beastly neglects, tho' too commonly used among our Modern Ministers of Justice.

*Sanc.*



*Sanc.* Why lookee Sir, as to Belching, tho I learnt it of a Stout Dutch Trooper that thought it became him very well, yet I shall make no great matter to leave it off; but as for Yawning, 'tis impossible for me, Zooks, I can as soon leave off my Proverbs, and that you know were to unhinge all I faith: Why look now, your very putting in mind on't has set me at it already. *[Yawns and Gapes.]*

*Don Q.* Oh, the Devil, what a Yell is there for a Magistrate; but come, since I see Nature is not to be expelled with a Fork, observe the rest, Take heed of eating Garlick as thou hast used to do, for that will discover thy course Extrusion, and be nauseous to all about thee; for in that manner I once knew a Country Recorder that used to give poor Criminals double Deaths, first by his abominable Breath, and afterwards by his Sentence.

*Sanc.* That will be a plaguey hard Chapter too, for to my thinking, a Clove of Garlick gives ones Dinner a curious hautgoust. *[Shaking his head.]*

*Don Q.* Be sure always to walk Slow and Stately, and let the fulness and gravity of your look attone for the Vacuum and Cavity of thy Head; and lastly, above all, to be sure to manage that Beard of thine wisely, Scrub it, *Sancho*, Comb it, mundifie the Whiskers, I say, that when thou waggest it on some great occasion, thou mayst scatter no Vermin upon those that occasionally come to thee for Justice: And so good Fortune guide thee. *[Embracing.]*

*Enter Pedro and Baratarians.*

*Sanc.* Well, Sir, I can but thank ye, you have given me a plaguey deal of good Counsel, if I have but the Grace to follow it; but come, many Ventures make a full Freight; I'll do what I can, but especially for that about Garlick and Belching let me alone; and so, Sir, wishing you to be an Emperor in the space of a Whistling-time, we take our leaves.

*To Feast and give our Islanders a Play-day,*

*And meet our Spouse, who now must be a Lady.*

*Pedro, and the rest.* Long live the Governour of Barataria, Horra. *[Exit.]*  
*Sancho and Baratarians one way, and Don Quixote another, Weeping.*

## SCENE III.

*Enter Teresa, and Mary, new dress'd, with Maanel.*

*Mary.* Lord is this me, Oddsidikins, they have made me so fine, that would I were hang'd if I know whether 'tis me or no.

*Teres.* Well, and what's to be done next good Mr. Civility, what you have shown us already is curiously fine Ifakins.

*Man.* Leave off that course, that clownish word Ifakins, and if you would Swear like a Lady o'th' Mode, you must say, by my Soul my Lord, by my Honour Madam, by the universe Cavalier; unless you are at Cards among your selves, and then you may enlarge a little, as thus, Soons I have had horrid ill luck to night, I have lost 50 Quadruples, Damme.

*Teres.* Well, that's very pretty, by the universe Cavalier.

*Mary.* It has such a pure sound with it, when one Swears a little, and methinks the words, Mother, come off so roundly, that would I may never make water more, if I had not rather — *Teres.* Oh Lord, O Lord! there the Quean had it out broad; why ye clownish Mode, have I —

*Man.* Hold, hold, good Madam, let me manage her, you must consider she is not yet wean'd from her Country Dialect. Oh fye Miss, you have said such a paw



paw thing, that I warrant ne're a one of the Town-Ladies would have said for a Thousand Pounds: Oh, you must not offer to say such a paw thing as that; nor do such a paw thing as that for the World, tho ye are in never so great an extremity.

*Mary.* No, I'ood, that's very hard tho. *Teres.* Let me come to her, Sir; 'Dlife this rude Hilding will spoil all our Preferment.

*Man.* Oh, Patience, Patience, Madam; she must come to't by degrees: Young Lady, I blame you not for speaking, but for the manner of it; therefore from henceforth, when you would express your self on that occasion, if you are visiting or elsewhere, you must say, Dear Cousin, or Madam, I have an extream desire to make a Natural Evacuation.

*Mary.* A Natural Evacuation! O Lord, that's pretty I swear.

*Man.* Oh, Modesty is the most darling Jewel amongst all well-bred Ladies, tho it often occasions them distress enough too. I remember once at a certain noble Lord's Tryal, a certain ruddy plump young Lady, dyed a Green Manteau and Petticoat into a perfect Blew, through her rigid Modesty, and the violent Effect of Natural Evacuation.—But come now, practise your gate agen a little—Walk, walk, hold up your heads—So, snap your Fans—Very good—Wag your Hips a little more—Admirable, Adroit and Easie—leave but off the Country hobble now, and I defie any Court-Lady of 'em all to out-do ye. *[They jig about.]*

*Teres.* Well, I swear, methinks I'm chang'd quite to another thing already.

*Man.* Oh, here's the Governour—I hear the Musick. *[Loud Trumpets within.]*

*Enter Sancho strutting, with Pedro and Barnabians.*

*Mary.* Oh, that ever I was born! is that my Vather? *[Staring and clapping her hands.]*

*Teres.* Ah, Blessing on the precious Eyes on thee, my dear Yoke-mate, my *Sancho*; and art thou then a Governour indeed, mine own Oosle-cock?

*[She runs to embrace him.]*

*Man.* Oh, hands off, good Madam; such greeting is not decent in great Ladies. *[Takes her from Sancho's Neck.]*

*Teres.* Gadslidikins I could smother him in that fine Coat methinks.

*Mary.* I must speak to him; he looks like one of the great fat men they call Judges, that used to ride through our Town—Oh brave Vather! Oh brave Vather! is't you Vather? is't you? Oh Law! oh Law! *[Jumps and laughs.]*

*Sanc.* Ha, ha, ha, ha; the poor Fools are almost craz'd through meer Joy; 'tis well, Spouse, mine, 'tis well; but not too much of Fondness now, good Crooked Rib—And Daughter, mine, take care of Romping: Remember who I am.

*Teres.* Ah, dear Gravel-face, dear Ferret-eyes. *[Leering at him.]*

*Man.* Madam, Madam, you forget.

*Mary.* I am my Lord the Governour *Sancho Panca's* most humble Servant, upon my Honour; and wou'd I may ne'er make water if—*Mannel* stops her.

*Sanc.* Well said, *Mary* the Buxom; that's my good Girl, bid thee there, *Moll.*

*Teres.* And I am his Lordship's every thing; his hot Loaf and Butter, Suet-pudding, his Pancake, by the Universe.

*Man.* Pretty well that, Madam, indifferent.

*Sanc.* 'Tis very well good Moble-trap in me, 'tis very well; and you see I have been as good as my word; I told ye what my Squireship would come to, *Teresa*; but you would not believe, you would be obstinate: A Woman, a Woman.

*Teres.* I was under some little doubt, my Lord, by my Soul, I must confess.

*[Speaks mincing.]*

*Man.*



*Man.* Very well, that last, Madam, extreamly well.

*Mary.* I would have laid a Groat I should have had no new Lockram Smocks of your giving me Vather—not this—

*Man.* Aw, not a word more of that; 'tis well he does not hear ye.

*Sant.* Here's Dapple too; come along with me, Chuck; the poor Ais, on my Conscience, is as glad of his Preferment as thou art; I'd have brought him in here, but that we should have wanted an Elbow-Chair for him to sit down in.

*Man.* There's an Alcove within, with a State and Velvet-cushions, my Lord.

*Sant.* No, no, 'tis no matter now, tho' the Creature is good Company enough: Faith, he's trap'd so richly, you'd wonder if you saw him; he's all over Embroider'd like a High-Sheriff of a County upon an Entertaining-day.

*Pedro.* Please your Excellence to sit and rest a little, for I'm of opinion that this sultry Climate bears no Affinity with the Choller of your Complexion, especially when irritated by motion: Excuse me, my Lord, 'tis my duty to be careful of your Constitution, which I perceive at present to be somewhat languid and sudorous; be pleased therefore to sit, and see the Sports that are provided to entertain ye.

*Sant.* Ay, with all my heart; and d'ye hear Doctor, Prithee let me have as few of your cramp words as you can, for they'll work more upon my Constitution than any Dose of Pills you can give me. Come Family of the Panca's, set down by me, and let's see these Sports he talks of, and afterward let's go to Dinner, for I feel a kind of a governing Stomach, that methinks grumbles to be satisfied: I could eat heartily.

*Pedro.* Good my Lord, think not too much of Eating, 'tis very unwholsome.

*Sant.* How! Eating unwholsome! Prithee honest Gut-scowerer, perswade me to that if thou canst: Ha, ha, ha, that's a very good Jest, Faith.

Sancho, Teresa and Mary sit down, then Musick sounds, and an Entertainment follows of Singing and Dancing; which ended, a Table is brought in furnished; Pedro and Mammel wait; then is a Dance of Spinsters.

### A SONG, Sung by a Clown and his Wife.

*He.* Since Times are so bad, I must tell thee, Sweet-heart,

I'm thinking to leave off my Plow and my Cart;

And to the fair City a Journey will go,

To better my Fortune, as other Folk do.

Since some have from Ditches,

And course Leather breeches,

Been rais'd to be Rulers, and wallow'd in Riches.

Prithee come, come from thy Wheel;

For if Gypsies don't lye,

I shall be a Governour too, ere I dye.

*She.* Ah, Collin! by all thy late doings I find,

With Sorrow and Trouble, the Pride of thy Mind.

Our Sheep now at random, disorderly run,

And now Sundays Jacket goes e'ry day on:

Alas! what dost thou mean?

*He.* To make my Shoes clean

And foot it to Court, to the King and the Queen,

Where shewing my Parts, I Preferment shall win.

*She.* Eye, 'tis better for us to Plow and to Spin;

For



For as to the Court, when thou happen'st to try,  
Thou'lt find nothing got there, unless thou canst buy;  
For Money the Devil, the Devil and all's to be found,  
But no good Parts minded without the good Pound.

He. Why then I'll take Arms,  
And follow Allarms.

She. Hunt Honour that now-a-days plaguefully charms,  
And so lose a Limb by a Shot or a Blow,  
And curse thy self after for leaving the Flow.

He. Suppose I turn Gamester;

So Cheat and be hang'd;

He. What think'st of the Road then?

She. The High-way to be hang'd.

He. Nice Pimping however, yields Profit for Life,

I'll help some fine Lord to another's fine Wife.

She. That's dangerous too,

Amongst the Town-Crew,

For some of 'em will do the same thing by you;

And then I to Cuckold ye may be drawn in,

Faith, Collin, 'tis better I sit here and Spin.

He. Will nothing prefer me? what think'st of the Law?

She. Oh! while you live, Collin, keep out of that Paw;

He. I'll Cant, and I'll Pray;

She. Ah! there's nought got that way;

There's no one minds now what those black Cattle say;

Let all our whole Care

Be our Farming Affair,

He. To make our Corn grow, and our Apple-trees bear.

Two Voices.

Ambition's a Trade, no Contentment can show;

So I'll to my Distaff,

He. And I to my Plow.

CHORUS.

Let all our whole Care

Be our Farming Affair,

To make our Corn grow, and our Apple-trees bear.

Ambition's a Trade, no Contentment can show;

So I'll to my Distaff,

And I to my Plow.

Pedro. How does your Excellence like the Entertainment? Do our Musick  
and Sports please ye?

Sancho. Yes, yes, I like your Sports well enough, --- but here's a Sport that I think  
at present surpasses 'em, --- Gad there's a rare Turkey, and I've a furious Inclination  
to be familiar with him. How now! [Carrier goes to cut the Turkey, and Pedro  
strikes the Dish with a Wan, at which the Waiters snatch it away.]

Pedro. By no means, Sir, 'tis hot, undigestible, and corroding; the Flesh of  
that sort of Fowl, are highly pernicious to a Constitution that abounds with



Choller: You must excuse me, Sir, I am stipended in this Island, to take care of its Governours, and study day and night to prescribe a Dyer proper for 'em.

[Teresa takes a Confit, and Mannel snatches it from her.]

Man. You must not eat yet, Madam, 'tis ill Manners, the Carver has not help'd your Lord.

Teres. By the Universe that's true: Well, Sir, pray excuse me, I shall remember better another time.

Mary. O Lord, how my Chops water at one of them fat Birds there!

Man. Young Lady, keep your Elbows off the Table: Oh yee, 'tis highly indecent.

Sanc. Well then, Prithee honest Fellow, hand hither one of those Partridges; those, Doctor, are harmless Meat I'm sure.

Pedro. Oh horrible, this plaguery Cook has sent 'em in blood-raw; the Rascal has pepper'd the Sawce too, as if they were to feed a Jew—away with 'em quickly: 'Sdeath this Rogue ought to be hang'd, he'll poyson the Governour in two days time.

[Dish snatch'd away.]

Sanc. Poyson him! no, Gadzooks, he's more in danger of Starving for ought Mannel this while is teaching the Women to behave themselves. I see.—Come, prithee what must I eat then? Quickly, quickly man, and don't square my Stomach by thy own; give me a good hearty Collop of something that's warm and good, and don't judge me by thy self; thou look'st as if thou hadst fed upon Smoak all thy Life-time.

Pedro. Oh, that's very well, Sir: Jestings is wholesome, and I am glad to find your Excellence so disposed; 'tis more nourishing for ye than any Meat that I see here: Reach me that Dish there, Friend.

Teres. Is it always the Custom, Friend, for the Governours to have thy hungry Preamble before Dinner?

Man. Ever, Madam; the Doctor very often makes a Speech upon Temperance an hour or two long, 'tis the Custom.

Mary. The Devil take the Customs then, I say, for I'm damnably sharp-set.

Pedro. Look ye, your Excellence may Regale upon these with safety, till better Provision be ordered. [Gives him a Dish of Wafers.] And, Madam, these are light too, and of good digestion for Governours Ladies: But for any thing else here.

[Little Dishes of whipp'd Cream are brought in.]

Sanc. These, Ooons why a hundred of 'em wont fill a Man's mouth: Why, ye plaguery Paracelsian you, d'ye think I can dine upon Paper?

Mary. Or I upon Froth.

Sanc. 'Sbud give me a Glas of Wine there, I shall choak with Rage else: What a Plague is the meaning of this?

Pedro. 'Tis Death for him; therefore I charge ye all forbear upon your Lives, till I have corrected it: Let me see the Glas. [Takes the Glas and prepares it.]

Sanc. Why ye damn'd Son of a Glister-pipe, must not I drink neither?

Pedro. Not till I have allay'd the Ascid Quality of the Wine, my Lord, and made it agree with your Stomach; if you should be sick, alas, 'tis as much as my Place, nay, as my Life is worth; therefore it behoves me to be exceeding careful: You are inclining to a Hectick, my Lord, hot and dry, and too strong Liquors will infallibly destroy the Humidum Radicale.—There now, I think I may venture it.

Sanc. Oh, confounded Potion-maker, this is meer Water, the very Liquor of Frogs, Gadzooks—Hark ye, what is your Name, Friend?

Pedro. Sir, I'm styl'd Doctor Pedro Rezio de Agnero, I am a Native of Tirta Afuria,



*Afuria*, which lies between *Caraguel* and *Almodova del Campo*, and took my Degree in the University of *Osuna*.

*Sane*. Why then Doctor *Pedro Rexio Agnero* of *Tirte Afuria*, and Graduated in *Osuna*, take that [*Throws the Glass at him*.] and get you out of my light, or I'll throw my Chair at your head: Why, ye Common-wealths Hang-man, let me eat, or take your Government agen with a Pox t'ye, for an Office that won't afford a Man his Victuals is not worth two Pilchers. [*Exit Pedro*.]

*Man*. Oh, my Lord, Passion is very unbecoming a Man of your Place; pray have Patience, 'twas the good Man's over-much Zeal to serve you.

*Sane*. Here's another too, a mannerly Coxcomb, that preaches Patience to me, when I am ready to be starv'd—Gad I'll rid my Island of such Vermin as you quickly—you shall know that a Governour must eat in defiance of ye all Rogues: Come, Spouse, fall on; I'll have this. [*They snatch and eat ravenously*.]

*Teref*. I this. *Mary*. And I this: But first, Friend, I've great occasion for a little natural Evacuation. [*Aside to Mannel*.]

*Enter Messenger*.

*Man*. 'Dsheart not at Dinner-time, Madam! that were such a plaguy Indecency.

*Messenger*. My Lord the Governour, your Excellence is staid for in Council, where are to be debated some matters of great moment; you must come away immediately.

*Sane*. How now, Jack Sawce! must come away? Soft and fair goes far; after Dinner is time enough.

*Man*. By no means, my Lord; stay not a minute, I beseech ye; the Council will take it so heinously to neglect 'em at your first coming, that I fear, on such an occasion, they'll rise and Mutiny; therefore 'tis extreamly proper your Excellency should go instantly, your Supper shall be mended, and atone for this to your satisfaction anon.

*Sane*. Why this 'tis to be a Great Man now, when I was poor *Sancho*, the Devil of any Mutineers had I occasion to be afraid of; but now Cares and Dangers crowd on apace: Come, *Teresa*, we'll take our amends anon; and, d'ye hear, let my Supper make me satisfaction without Doctor *Pedro Rexio's* direction; for if I find him here agen flirting my Dishes, or squirting Advice, Gadsbud I will begin with a Cudgel upon him, and so on, till I leave ne'er a Physician in the Island. [*Exeunt Sancho, Teresa and Mary*.]

*Man*. Ha, ha, ha: Go thy ways, Governour; this will be rare Sport to send my Lord the Duke an account of, which I will do instantly, and tell him how methodically

*Great Sancho*, learn'd in nought but Carts and Plowing,

Rules without Power, and Judges without knowing.

[*Exit*.]

## ACT V. SCENE I. *The Judgment-Hall*

*Enter Page, Mannel and Pedro*.

*Page*. I Assure ye, Gentlemen, my Lord and Lady were extreamly pleased with the last Account you sent them of your new Governours Actions, we had the Story every night at Supper, and with so much laughing, that an old Philosopher, plagued with the Spleen and Gout, could hardly have forbore I am now dispatch'd hither upon a new Design to further the Jest; I have brought the Grand *Sancho* a Letter.

*Man*



*Man.* Ha, ha, ha: So, dost know the Contents on't, prithee?

*Page.* Oh, each particular my Lord Duke read it to us in publick; 'tis a terrible Scrowl, and pretends to discover some Enemies that have laid a Plot to attack the Island; 'twill try the Governour's Courage, for here's horrible frightful News in't. Here, Doctor, you must give it him, I must back to my Lord again immediately.

*Pedro.* Ha, ha, ha; this will, no doubt, have the designed Effect, especially surprizing him, now in this juncture: for we have kept him these three days so hungry, and so little in heart, that he'll be frightened with the least shadow of danger.

*Man.* This is the best place to give it him too, for he's just now coming hither to hear Causes—But, *Page*, prithee how thrives the Jest at home? How does the uncurably maim'd Don *Quixote* behave himself after the Loss of his Right-hand, *Sancho*, hah?

*Page.* Why, Faith, so lamely, and the Jest grows so stale now, that my Lord Duke begins to be weary; and therefore to get rid of him wittily, and send him home to his House, he designs a new Contrivance for me to act; what it is as yet I know not, but I suppose, by that time the Squire-Governour trots from his Island here, the Knight-Errant will be moving the same pace homewards.

*Pedro.* It must be very suddenly then, for the upshot of our Government is drawing on apace, the Mob will soon be prepar'd for the Jest. And see, here comes the Pageant—'Dlife and the Petitioners too—Now if any one can laugh at Clumsie Justice, they may have a rare occasion: I must not be seen yet.

*Page.* Nor I.

[Exit *Pedro* and *Page*.]

*Enter Sancho, Constable and Watch, and Cryer, with Taylor, Gardner, Canter, Small Man and a Woman: Sancho sits down in the Chair.*

*Cryer.* Oh, yes! Let all manner of Person or Persons that come not hither for Justice, keep Silence; and let those that would have their Grievances redressed, express them boldly, for the Governour is prepared to hear them.

*Sancho.* He is prepared as far as Hunger will let him; and tho I have observed myself to have much a clearer Judgment upon a full Stomach than an empty one, yet since they say, Spare Diet and Fasting whets a Man's Understanding, I'll try for once how wise 'twill make me. Come, Friend, what's your Complaint now, humph?

*Taylor.* Why, and please your Honour, my Name is *Snip*, I am a Woman's Taylor, and a Man that the Parish knows to be a Man that is not a Man, who, as a Man may say, will willingly let a Man, tho it may chance a Man may be deceived with fair Looks; yet, as your Honour knows, who are a Man.

*Sancho.* Who am a Man that is like to know very little of your business at this time, Friend: Come, come, your Complaint Mr. *Snip*, your Complaint.

*Taylor.* Why, your Honour must know then, that my Complaint is against my Neighbour *Radish* there the Gardner, who has feloniously, not having the fear of Heaven before his Eyes, taken from me, and defrauded me of a tame Cock-pheasant, which I brought up by hand, and upon which I set an extraordinary value; yet this ravenous Cannibal laid violent hands upon the poor Bird, carried it home to his Wife, roasted it; and had I not come just in the Nick and tired them, they had devoured it immediately.

*Sancho.* Umph, and what say you to this, *Radish*, hah?

*Taylor.* He, he can say nothing, my Lord; for looker, to prove what I say is true,



true, I have brought the Pheasant here along with me, poor Fool, just as I snatch'd it out of the Dish from them. [*Puts the Pheasant on the Table.*] And now since no proof is plainer than sight, I desire your Honour to do me Justice, and make him give me satisfaction.

*Sanc.* By my Faith, and nothing but reason Mr. *Snip*: What, what an Enormance is here; What can you say to this, *Radish*, hah? Is it your Conscience to come into a Neighbour's House, and steal away his Goods and Chattels? for his Pheasant in this place is a Chattel.

*Taylor.* Nay, I had not valued it so much, my Lord; but, to say the truth, the Creature was my Wives, and the poor Woman was always stroking and playing with it.

*Sanc.* Gad 'tis a delicate tender young Bit, [*Sancho touches it and licks his Fingers.*] are not you a Rogue for this now *Radish*, to Purloin and Filch in this manner? It has an excellent taste, Faith: must paltry Diggers and Delvers eat like Gentry? Oons, with a little good Sawce to it, this were a Dish for a Governour.

[*Tears off a Leg and eats it.*]

*Gard.* But, pray will your Honour hear me a little now; One Man's Tale is good till anothers is told: This Nitty Jerkin here, this Thimble, this Bodkin, this Cuckoldly Womans Taylor, *Snip*, here.

*Taylor.* Why how now ye Dunkhill-raker, ye old rusty Pruning knife, ye Maggot in a Pefcod, ye Catterpillar: What, ye wont deny it, will ye?

*Sanc.* Oons, is not here a plain proof? What, ye wont deny a plain proof, will ye, Rascal?

[*Speaks with his Mouth full.*]

*Gard.* Ay, but pray do but hear me, my Lord, for yet you don't know the Trick on't; for you must know, this *Snip* and I used commonly to go to one anothers Houses, and jestingly snatch away several sort of things to eat and drink, I from him, and he from me, 'twas common among us; and particularly t'other day, I had a curious Flask of *Florence* sent me for a Present, by a Friend that I used to accommodate with Fruit, of which, through neighbourly Courtesie, I gave *Snip* and his Wife a taste.

*Sanc.* Well, what then? Go on, go on; let him go on, *Snip*, let him go on; Gad I never eat a better thing in my Life.

[*Speaks with his mouth full.*]

[*Aside.*]

*Gard.* Now, what do these Cheating Companions do, being resolved to have the rest of my Wine, but come t'other day to my House, and whilst his Wife, who pretended friendly to cut my Hair, put my face in her Lap, this sneaking Louse-snapper, *Snip* here, ran away with the Flask; for which, knowing no other way to be even with him, I yesterday made my Attack upon his Wife's Pheasant.

*Taylor.* Why ye Inoculated Rascal, dare you say 'twas *Florence*, hah?

*Gard.* Yes, that I dare, Cowcumber; and to prove it to your face, that I mean what I say, I have here another Flask of it, which was just now sent me by the same Person.

[*Sancho takes the Flask.*]

*Sanc.* Nay, lookee, *Snip*, take heed of Lying; I don't sit here to see Justice abused; and if this be really *Florence*, look to it, *Snip*.

[*Drinks.*]

*Taylor.* Besides, if it were, I think I han't been behind-hand with ye, you have been free to every thing in my House time out of mind; it had a damnable lowre taste I'm sure; and whatever you say, I can't think 'twas *Florence*, not I.

*Sanc.* What can't you think, Pimp-whiskin? What can't you think? 'Tis *Florence*, I say 'tis *Florence*; and *Snip*, y'are a——What a pox, sure I can't be mistaken.

[*Drinks agen.*]

*Man.*



*Man.* The Governour has made himself amends for his Fasting as it happens:  
But what will the Judgment be after all, I wonder? [Aside.]

*Sanc.* Ay, ay, *Florence*, 'tis *Florence*, I knew I was right: And are these things  
fitting for Gardners and Taylors? Fat Pheasants and rich Wines Food for such  
Vermin? I am enraged at it, I burst with Choler.

*Man.* How will you please to punish them, my Lord?

*Sanc.* Punish them! Oons, I know not how I shall punish them: But since  
they have made a practice to steal from one another, 'tis plain each of them keeps  
a House to encourage Thievery, and 'tis likely, in short time, may practice upon  
others as well as themselves: Therefore I condemn them to pay ten Duckets  
a-piece to the Poor, and from henceforth to be upon their good behaviour—not a  
word more—away with them—— [They shake their heads, and are thrust out.]

*Man.* Bring the rest forward there. [Constable brings a Man forward.]

*Sanc.* Well, Mr. Constable, who have you got here?

*Const.* Why, and it please your Honour, a strange hypocritical kind of Rascal,  
that formerly we knew to be a common Cheat and Thief, but of late he has  
taken up a Trade of Canting and Devotion, which we all believe only to be a  
Blind, that he may manage his old Profession the better, for last night we took  
him up upon Suspicion of stealing a Velvet Cloak.

*Sanc.* To cover his Knavery withall: Very well Mr. Constable: Well, and  
what say you to this, Cloak-Merchant, hah?

*Canter.* Why verily, I may not deny to thy Superiority, but that in my Pri-  
vate days of Vanity and Youth, I was a great Sinner, before the Spirit of Grace  
had entred into me; nay, with Shame I do confess it to thee, oh Governour.

*Sanc.* Take him away then and hang him, there's no more to be said.

*Canter.* Aw, but I will tell thee what I am now; let me plead, I beseech thee.

*Sanc.* Oons, what after Confession? 'Sbud, e'nt it Confess and be Hang'd all the  
World over? What an impudent Fellow art thou! Gadzooks I'll not spoil such a  
curious Proverb to save ne'er a Canting Rascal in all Spain—Away with him, I say.

*Canter.* Ah, Mercy, mercy: Ah, Who is me. [They drag him out.]

*Const.* This is the worst Confession, Friend, you have been at a great while.

*Sanc.* Come, come, for more, for more, I find my Judgment much clearer  
now than at first: Well, Woman, what say you?

*Woman.* Ah, I have many sad things to say upon my Honesty, my Lord: I'm  
an undone Person, I am crack'd, I am violated, or, to speak it in plain terms,  
I am Ravish'd as one may say. [Weeping.]

*Sanc.* Alas poor tender young thing, thou look'st as if thou hadst been hardly  
put to it indeed: But where, where is this mighty Gogmagog that has done it?  
he must be of the Race of the Giants sure.

*Woman.* No, my Lord, 'tis not so much for his Largeness, as for his Strength  
and Ability: This is the vile Man [Points to a very little Fellow.] my Lord, this  
is he that, as I may say, has abused my Body like an unwash'd Rag.

*Sanc.* The Devil he is: What a Plague, did he attack thee upon Stilts?

*Small M.* My Lord, your Honour shall know, that there is not such another  
Impudence as that Woman in all Spain: I met her upon the Road this morning,  
and I know not how the Devil ordered the matter, but I found a small Ambition  
in me, of boarding such a huge tall Pinnacle; and so we agreed for half a Ducket  
about the matter; and upon the finishing of the business, I pull'd out my Purse,  
in which I had about twenty more, and paid her honestly. [Sanc.]



*Sanc.* Nay, thou seem'st to be an admirable finisher of such a business: Well, go on, Friend.

*Small M.* Now you must know, my Lord, this plaguy Quean, seeing my Purse better stuff'd than she thought, press'd me to give her more; which I refusing, as soon as I came to Town, she swore a Rape against me, which now occasions my appearance before your Honour.

*Woman.* Oh vile Creature, oh thou slanderous Monster, the guilt of whose lying Soul equals thy prodigious strength of Body; Canst thou think to be believed, against my Tears and Protestation? No, no, Wretch, the noble Governour understands Justice better.

*Sanc.* Alas, good Woman, don't afflict thy self so: Look'e Friend Finisher, there must be more in this than ordinary—Have you that Purse about ye?

*Small M.* Yes, my Lord, here it is.

*Sanc.* Give it me, Friend, and we'll make an end of this business presently: Come hither, Woman; You say this prodigious strong Fellow here, forced you against your Will, and you struggled and defended your self all you could, hah?

*Woman.* Yes upon my Honesty, my Lord.

*Sanc.* Very good; Then to let thee see how much I value honest Women, whose Weaknesses are often unwillingly overcome by such monstrous Fellows, there, there's that Purse for thee; and to make thy self amends for the Wrong he has done thee, get thee gone with it. [Throws her the Purse.]

*Small M.* Oh, good my Lord, if you take that, I am utterly undone, 'tis all I am worth.

*Woman.* Ah, Blessing on your Honours sweet Face, y'are a heavenly Judge upon my Honesty, and I shall pray for ye the longest day I have to live:—Ah, Gad save ye, ye are an upright Magistrate in troth. [Exit.]

*Small M.* Oh Lord, I'm ruin'd, I'm lost, 'tis all I have got this two Years by hard labour, and I han't a Penny more left in the World to help my self. Oh, that ever I was born. [Howles out.]

*Sanc.* Sirrah, you prodigious, you Finisher, leave your bawling, and gather up your Legs, and run after her as hard as you can, and force away the Purse from her, and bring it hither to me.

*Small M.* Oh, I'll do what I can, but I fear 'twill be a hard matter, for the Jade's as strong as a Horse. [Exit after her.]

*Sanc.* I begin to perceive that this Island of mine is very full of Enormities, which will require a plaguy deal of trouble to weed out; a Fool always sees more in his own House, than a wise Man in anothers; if they will be Rogues, let them look to it. How now, see how they agree about the business without there. [Noise of breaking, and scuffling within.]

*Exit Constable, and re-enters again with the Man and the Woman fighting, he tattered and beaten.*

*Sanc.* How now Woman, what's the matter now?

*Woman.* Why this impudent Fellow, my Lord, contrary to your Honours Judgment, has followed me, and would have taken the Purse away from me again by force. *Sanc.* And has he got it?

*Woman.* No I warrant ye, he get it, 'Dild, I'll tear his Eyes out first.

*Sanc.* Give it me hither, let me see if there's none missing: [She gives it.] There Fellow, take your Purse again: And dec hear Constable, bid the Beadle give that Honesty there two hundred Lashes. G

*Woman.*



*Woman.* Ah mercy upon me, what means your Honour?

*Sanc.* If you had defended your Honesty as well as you did the Poise ye Whore, you need not have feared Ravishing: Away with her; and see hear you Finisher, if I catch you Finishing in such another Affair, I shall put an end to you with a Halter; and so with a Quibble thrown at your head, get ye out of my sight too Sirrah.

[*Exeunt Man and Woman with Officers.*]

*Cryer, Mannel and People.* A Solon, a Solon!

[*Hee.*]

*Sanc.* Come, is there any more of ye, hoh, Gad my hand is in rarely for business, ever since the Cane of the Flask, and the Pheasant.

[*Aside.*]

*Enter Pedro hastily.*

*Pedro.* Room, room here, where's my Lord the Governour?

*Man.* There he is, Doctor, what's the matter?

*Pedro.* Arm, Arm, Sir, you are not safe this minute, here's News now come, that several thousand of Buccaneers, Pirates and Banditty, have entred your Island: Here's a Letter sent too from the Duke, to give you information, you must prepare for your defence immediately; there 'tis, pray read it, and let us hear the Contents of our Condition.

*Sanc.* Humph, *Tirte Aufuria*, art thou here again, then there can be no good towards me I'm sure, the spiteful Rogue bids me read it too, and he knows I can as well do that as fly. Here, you Secretary, let's hear what this matter is, come read out, from anothers mouth I can judge the better on't.

*Mannel reads the Letter.* Signior Sancho, I am given to understand, that certain Enemies of mine, and of that Island, mean suddenly to give it a furious Assault: I know likewise, that several Spies are entred there with a design to kill you, for they stand much in awe of your great Abilities; take care of your self and Charge, and I will be ready to send you what Succour I can.

Your Friend the DUKE.

*Pedro.* Oh, unfortunate Estate of this unhappy Island, that because of its Wealth and Fertility is perpetually plagued with Enemies, who bear a mortal Spite to all those that rule; those damn'd Banditty and Buccaneers have taken and flea'd three or four of our Governours already.

*Sanc.* The Devil they have.

*Man.* The Noise comes nearer, they are certainly entred my Lord, therefore come away quickly and Arm, and be our General, to lead us against the Enemy.

*Sanc.* 'Dlife, I know no more what belongs to a General, than a General does to Cow-keeping: You knew my Abilities well enough, and if you had not liked them, you should have told me so, and have taken your Government again, for if I am to be flea'd about it, I have made a fine Bargain indeed.

*Man.* 'Dlife, they'll come upon us before we have taken up our Arms; but it never shall be said, that I stood tamely and saw so famous an Island lost; I'll go and defend the Gates as long as I can against them.

[*Exit Mannel.*]

*Pedro.* And I'll go and prepare a certain Poyson, and squirt it into their Eyes with a Sirringe, through the loophole of some private Avenue.

[*Exit.*]

*Sanc.* Squirt at 'em, said he; ay, if that would drive the Enemy away, I am as well prepared for it as any body; but these Buck—Banditti Rogues I warrant, carry Guns with leaden Pellets, that will make no more of a Governour's Noddle, than if 'twere made of Pastboard—Hark, they are coming still—This your Ambition has brought you to Don Sancho, you must be a Governour with a murrain t'ye, ye Plow-jobbing Rascal you.

[*Noise of Drums, fighting and shouts.*]

*Enter*



*Enter Teresa and Mary in their old Clothes.*

*Teresa.* Oh that ever I was born: Oh, undone, undone, lost, ruin'd.

*Mary.* Oh Vather, the saddest day that ever was known, my Mother and I have been plunder'd and stripp'd yonder, the Men with the black Whiskers and Buff-Coats yonder have rouzled and frouzled us so, that they have left ne'er an inch of us unhanded — Oh Lord, and one of 'em snatch'd so furiously at me, to get off my vine Petticoat, that Udsidikins I thought once he had got away all.

*Sancho.* Here one may see now, the true Emblem of fallen Authority; here's the Countess and her Daughter metamorphos'd already.

*Teresa.* Countess! Ah shame on't, I thought what my Countessship would come to, if we had not saved our old Clothes by chance, we had gone home to Spin agen as naked as ever we were born.

*Mannel--within.* Make this Breach good, keep that Gate there, raise those Ladders, fire the Pitch and Rozin, and get some Kettles of Scalding Oyl ready.

*Pedro--within.* Bring out the Governour, we know him by his Robe; deliver him up, we'll make a Truce, for here are a hundred of us have sworn to Roast him, and eat him for Supper.

*Sancho.* Oh, Gadzooks, for Supper! [Sancho trembles.]

*Teresa.* D'ye hear that, thou wretched Man? Come away quickly; down the back-way here, there's a close Walk to the Garden-door may yet secure us.

*Mary.* Come away Vather, come away; Oh Lord, when shall I be married now, I wonder?

*Sancho.* Nay, if like an Ermine I am so known by my Skin, e'en take it among ye, Faith, [Strips from his Robe.] if you would have the Musk-Cats Fee too, I should hardly stand out, if I thought you hunted me for that; but there's no disputing the case now, you must fly, Governour; and if you save your Bones by the loss of your Jacket, [Thank Fortune that did safe through Dangers carry]

*Earl Sancho, from his Land of Baratary.* [Exit Sancho.]

*Enter Mannel and Pedro.*

*Mannel.* Ha, ha, ha, ha, they are gone, the whole Nest are flown.

*Pedro.* Here's the Robe of Authority left, the poor Snake has cast his Skin through fear.

*Mannel.* Come, now let's make haste to the Duke, I know he longs to hear of the Comical Exit of the Governour.

*Pedro.* Let's give the People a Hoghead of good Liquor to make merry with, for playing their parts so well, and then take Horse and away.

*Mannel.* Oh, I warrant ye they shall want no Tipple, I have given order already. [Exit.]

## S C E N E II.

*Enter Cardenio and Ambrosio.*

*Card.* Not see this famous Combat? prithee, in what old rotten Tree or Tod of Ivy hast thou been lurking? 'D'sdeath thou givest thy self over to Moroseness and Melancholly of late — A Pox, when once a Man of Letters comes to be moped, he grows a Coxcomb, and not fit for a Friends Conversation.

*Amb.* Prithee, I gave no heed to thy flying Report; I heard, indeed, that a new-come Errant, that call'd himself the Knight of the Screech-Owl, had chal-



leng'd Don Quixot to Combat him about the Beauty of their Mistress, but I thought it only a Romantick Jest, and could not imagine it would have gone further.

*Card.* If the Duke had not caused one of their Launces to be blunted unknown to him, it had gone further I assure you; but as the Tilt was now, our famous Don here was only vanquish'd, by being overthrown from his Horse, and by that was oblig'd to perform any Injunction the Knight of the Screech-Owl should impose upon him.

*Ambr.* And who is this new doubtful Knight, prithee?

*Card.* Nay, that as yet is a Secret; but his Commands are, That Don Quixot shall retire to his House, and bear no Arms for the space of one whole Year— This, according to the Conditions of the Combat, he is punctually to perform, and the Duke and all are just coming hither to entertain the new Knight, and see the business ratified.

*Ambr.* Why this will certainly murder Don Quixot with grief, he'll ne'er be able to have patience—How now, Winter-pippin, what news bring you? What Smock-stratagem or Curtain-intreague are you labouring with now, hah?

*Enter Rodriguez.*

*Rodr.* Ay, y'are a cruel hard-hearted Wretch, to use a poor young thing as you have done her without there: She's come after ye again, faith, and as mad as a March-hare: A shame on her shallow Pate, it should be long enough before I'd have crack'd my Brain for e're a one of ye.

*Enter Marcella, Mad.*

*Card.* By all that's good, *Marcella*—And now I remember me, I heard indeed she was run Mad for Love: What a barbarous Fellow art thou to destroy a whole Family at once!

*Rodr.* Well then, there's an end of 'em; prithee let me go.

*Card.* Not yet, by Heaven; thou shalt hear her speak.

*Marcel.* 'Twill be to night; the God of Love has promis'd me he'll bring him to me in his Mothers Chariot, drawn by white Doves, and with her Breath perfum'd: There lyes my dearest crown'd with fragrant Roses, vigorous and young, and charming as a Deity. Hah! what do I see! The dear Man turn'd to a Dragon! See! see! his Mouth and Nostrils breathing Flames that singe my Veins, and scorch my Heart to Cinders.

A SONG, at the Duke's Entertainment, by St. George and the Genius of England: Sung by Mr. Freeman and Mrs. Gibber.

*Mr. Freeman.*

**G**enius of England, from thy pleasant Bow' of Bliss,  
Arise and spread thy sacred Wings;  
Guard from Foes the British State,  
Thou on whose Smile does wait  
Th' uncertain happy Fate  
Of Monarchies and Kings.

*Mrs. Gibber.*

Then follow brave Boys to the Wars;  
The Laurel you know's the Prize;  
Who brings home the noblest Scars,  
Looks finest in Celia's Eyes.  
Then shake off the slatful Ease,  
Let Glory inspire your Hearts;  
Remember a Soldier in War and in Peace,  
Is the noblest of all other Arts.

*Rodr.* Alas poor crack-brain'd Creature!

*Ambr.* Devil—

*Card.* 'Sdeath, hast thou no Humane Nature? Does it not trouble thee to see her thus?

*Ambr.*



*Ambr.* To see her thus; why now she's in her Kingdom; her darling Mischiefs now have gather'd head; and riot in her Brain: Oh, take this from me, Friend; when once a Woman's mad, she's in Perfection.

*Marcel.* What, is he going? nay then farewell dissembling—all Female Arts and Tricks be gone, avaunt, and let the Passion of my Heart lye open: Turn, turn thou dearest Pleasure of my Soul, and I will bathe thee with my Eyes fond Tears; lay thee upon my Breast panting with Love, and speak the softest words into thy Ears that e're were spoke by a kind yielding Maid; kiss thee with tender Joy, and press thee close, close to my Heart till I am lost in transport, and am for that short time a Deity.

*Ambr.* 'Dsheart the Duke's coming too; prithee take her away, dear *Rodriguez*—I'll get thee a Husband for't one time or other. [*Marcella sings.*

### A SONG, Sung by *Marcella*.

I burn, I burn, my Brain consumes to Ashes;  
Each Eye-ball too, like Lightning flashes:  
Within my Breast, there glows a solid Fire,  
Which in a Thousand Ages can't expire.  
Blow, blow, the Wind's great Ruler,  
Bring the Po and Ganges hither,  
To sultry, sultry Weather;  
Pour 'em all on my Soul,  
It will hiss like a Coal,  
But never be the cooler.

Thou's Pride, hot as Hell,  
That first made me Rebel,  
From Love's awful Throne, a curst Angel I fell:  
And mourn now the Fate,  
Which my self did create,  
Fool, Fool, that consider'd not when I was well.  
Adieu, adieu, transporting Joys,  
Of ye vain Fantastick Toys,  
That dress'd the Face and Body to allure;  
Bring, bring me Daggers, Poyson, Fire,  
For Scorn is turn'd into Desire:  
All Hell feels not the Rage which I, poor I, endure.

*Rodr.* Ay, hang ye; ye all promise for one another, but you never care to come to't your selves—Well, not for that, but to get some Remedy for the poor Creature; I'll do't for once: Come Bird. [*Exit.*

*Marc.* Bird, right; thou art the Bird of Night: Come, I'll go with thee; by thy broad Face and toothless Gums I know thee, and that hook'd Nose that shades the Stumps remaining, thou art Grimalkin—Who, who, who—Come along, Bird. [*Sings.* [*Exit* *Marcella* and *Rodriguez*.]

*Card.* Well, if thou art not strangely punish'd for this, I shall wonder.

*Ambr.* Pish, prithee no Bantring—See the Duke and Company.

*Enter Duke, Dutches, Luscinda, Don Quixote unarm'd of his Sword, and without a Helmet: Page, arm'd like a Knight, having a tawny Mask on with large black Whiskers, and a Buckler, whereon is painted a large Owl: Squire with a Lance and Slipper.*

*Don Q.* Vanquish'd, because my Horse fell! Oh rigorous Laws of Chivalry! must my hard-got Renown, purchas'd with Danger, be poorly lost through *Rosinante's* weakness? my Courage still stands fast, tho' he is fallen: I beg the Combat once more, I'll fight him in my Shirt, with a Dutch Knife set sharp as my Razor.

*Duke.* Oh, it must not be, Friend; the Laws of Knighthood are, you know, inviolable: Besides for you, the Quintessence of Errants, thus rashly to recant your own Agreement, will be a flaw in your Renown for ever: Therefore take heed, not a word more of fighting.



*Page.* What, does he murmur? does his high flown Vanity think he's disgrac'd by being o'rtom'd by me? Hah, noble Don, it's but a trifle, even won

*Duke.* No, no: Valiant Sir, the Knight is highly satisfi'd in being vanquish'd by so brave a Warrior—Look up quickly and seem'd pleas'd, for this damn'd Knight of the Screech-Owl, now his hand is in, will worry us all else—'Disheart what a terrible voice he has!

*Don Q.* The Devil worry him and his Voice too, 'tis a very Screech-Owls to me indeed! *[Aside.]*

*Dutch.* Courage is not disgrac'd, tho' 'tis unfortunate; and tho' Don Quixote is batter'd and o're-thrown, he's valorous as ever.

*Lusc.* And when his Tear of Penance is past o're, Again may cudgel, and be cudgell'd more.

*Card.* One may see by his Looks, that his Pate is plaguily harra's'd about this business. *[Aside.]*

*Ambr.* Oh, the whimsical Worms are all now at work—Ha, ha, ha. *[Aside.]*

*Don Q.* Damn'd Fortune, thou inconstant treacherous Strumpet, hast thou then serv'd me thus?

*Duke.* Mum, Mum, Sir; the Knight of the Screech-Owl observes ye.

*Page.* Sir, I perceive you do not grace my Conquest with that clear brow, that Aspect of Contentment my Valour has deserv'd, but seem to lowre and grumble at your Fortune, as if you thought my Chains disgraces to ye—Hah, speak thou conquer'd, art thou so presumptuous?

*Dutch.* Oh, by no means Sir, the Knight was always a Person of few words; and as to the Moodiness of his Phiz, 'tis natural to him; I dare say, for the Knight of the ill-favour'd Face, 'tis not in his power to mend his Looks.

*Lusc.* Besides, here being no occasion for Mirth, some Gravity is becoming.

*Page.* Could I but think my easie Penance given him, extorted Frowns, he soon should know my power. — Blood of the Heroes, did not I in Arragon, o'recome the proud Don Guzman de Alvaro, who being my Slave by just right of Conquest, I made his Neck my Footstool to mount my Horse by; nay, over the parch'd Plains forc'd him to carry a Sack of Barley for his Provender: Nor was that all, for when at night we rested, to shew my Power, and punish his Ambition, I made him wash my Shirts, and mend my Stockins.

*Don Q.* This is the very Devil—Oons I tremble every inch of me. *[Aside.]*

*Page.* And if I thought this Shrub, this Mushroom-Errant durst mutter Discontents, or look as if Tobo'sian Dulcinea excell'd my bright Castara de Vandalia, I'd set him instantly to stitch my Boots, and grease 'em with the Oyl of his own labour.

*Card.* Say something quickly to him to mollifie; stitching of Boots is but a scurvy Imployment.

*Don Q.* Lord Sir, what need you be so Chollerick, I said nothing of Dulcinea that I know—Oons he has so cow'd me with his plaguy Voice, and his confounded Whiskers, that I can't get out a hard word for the heart of me.

*Ambr.* Ha, ha, ha, his Heart's quite sunk, the blustering of the Screech-Owl has bullied him early.

*Duke.* Come noble Warrior, be pleas'd to sit down a little; and to shew how much we prize all Knights of your brave Order, I'll beg ye to let my Servants shew their duty in a Musical Entertainment.



*Page.* Your Grace is generous; and to shew my gratitude, I dedicate thus far of my sharp Sword to you and yours for ever; the rest is bright *Castara de Vandalia's*—Come I'll sit down, you Sir, stand by and wait. [*To Don Quixote.*]

*Dutch.* Oh, not so, I beseech ye Sir, for my sake let him sit with us.

*Page.* Your Grace shall then prefer him; sit down. [*They seat themselves.*]

*Don Q.* Ah Plague on your Whiskers—'I'm in an Ague still.

*A Dance here of the Seven Champions, then a Song by St. Donatus.*

**D**E foolish English Nation,  
Dat former Conquest brag on;  
Make strang a Discourse

Of St. George and his Horse,  
And de Murd'ring of de Dragon;

But shou'd de French Invade 'em,  
And boldly cross de Water,

How de Williamite here  
Voud trembla for fear.

Of de Jack grand Roy, mon Maitre  
Dien—Where were is Great Britain!

You boast of your Fifth Henry,

Dat once in France did Forrage;

But to answer dat same

Do but send Nostredame,

Garzon will cool your Courage;

Our Gold will take your City,

Tho' Fighting ne'er can get 'em;

Feel on Salisbury-Plain

Bring on Millions of Men,

Dien—Where were is Great Britain!

*Page.* As much, my Lord, as can be possible for us that carry Arms to like soft Pastimes—I am oblig'd for this; and that I may, when your occasions offer, be grateful to my power, be pleased to command *Alonzo de Bubone of Castile*, your Grace's Champion, you soon may find me out, my Lord, by Fame: Besides, I'm of a Family numerous and ancient, the Owls at Court are my Relations all—City and Country throng with the *Bubones*, and 'mongst the Priesthood, and the daggl'd Law, are Numbers of Screech-Owls, in honour of whom

*This ample form I on my Buckler place,  
And wear it for the Glory of my Race.*

*Dutch.* We are his Greatnesses, the Knight of the Screech-Owl's most humble Creatures.

*Duke.* And now, brave Sir, I hope all Animosities betwixt you and your noble Brother here are forgot: Come, I must have the honour to reconcile all matters; he has resolv'd to obey your Command, in retiring home, and bearing no Arms for a Year; and you, according to the Conditions of the Combat, in honour can demand no more.

*Page.* I am not limited, my Lord; and I must tell your Grace, there is another small Injunction, which in Obedience to the Laws of Chivalry, I must impose, and he must execute: 'Tis this, my Lord, that since the peerless *Castara de Vandalia* has influenc'd me with Conquest, and he adores the conquer'd *Dulcinea*, he therefore be oblig'd to wear that precious Relick my Squire has there, which is, that fair ones Slipper, during his Truce from Arms, and Year of Penance—

*Duke.* Oh that he shall do most Ceremonially. [*Duke puts the Slipper on Don Q.*]

*Card.* 'Twill look like some new kind of Order, and give him good occasion from thenceforth, to call himself the Knight of the Order of the Slipper: That once perform'd, he's free.



*Don Q.* Well, I see now that wife Mah was in the right, that said, Valour was a Virtue between two vicious Extremes, Cowardice and Temerity: I'm in the Snare, and I must get out on't as well as I can: make Laws and keep Laws, as *Sancho* used to say when his Mouth run over with Proverbs: And therefore since 'tis my fortune, I will travel home with my new Order here as patiently as I can: And so farewell t'ye all; nay, let no one touch me, nor speak a word more, for my Heart's too full to bear any Complementing; and as low as my Stomach is brought, I could eat that roaring Knight up and think, if it were not for his Whiskers: But since 'tis as 'tis, let Fate bear the blame on't, whilst I

*This long Year study to wipe off my stain;*

*The next, in glittering Arms, shine out again.*

[Exit.]

*Duke.* Ha, ha, ha, ha; farewell poor Knight Errantry, you must know I have been weary of the mad Fool of late, and so contriv'd this Trick to send him home to his House to be cur'd—And now Signior *Don Alonzo de Bubone*, be pleas'd to veil your Whiskers.

*Card.* The Page, as I live, the Rogue alter'd his Voice so, I did not know him.

*Dutch.* Ha, ha, ha; nothing could be acted better indeed: Well Sir, my Lord Duke shan't forget your diligence.

*Page.* One of the Servants told me in a whisper just now, my Lord, that your Grace may now have an account of *Sancho's* flight from *Barataria*, for the Steward and the Doctor are just come from thence.

*Duke.* Oh come then, let's in, that Story will be very grateful at Dinner: Cousin, I have a small Affair with you too, but this is no time to chide: Besides, I hope you will satisfy me in some passages I heard lately of you, which seem to blast your Vertue and Reputation: I must have a Minute to confer with you about it.

*Ambr.* With all my heart, my Lord.

*Lusc.* I have heard of your Humour, Sir; and I hope my Lord Duke will punish thee, for refusing poor *Marella*, thou inveterate Woman-hater.

*Dutch.* Come, my Lord, methinks I long to hear how the Countess *Teresa*, and her Daughter *Mary* the Buxom, behave themselves in their change of Fortune.

*Card.* Very Comically, no doubt, Madam, and must certainly divert, when your Grace comes to hear their several Histories.

*Duke.* Which, to relish our Meat and Wine the better, I intend shall entertain us presently; amongst the rest of Diversions, there are two that are always recreative, which are a Fool in Person, and a Fool in Character: the Fool in Person, we have just now had a Scene of; and as to the Fool in Character,

*The Governour not being now before ye, I will content your selves with *Sancho's* Story.* [Exit.]

*Don Q.* I will look for some new kind of Order, to call himself the Knight of the Order of the Slipper: This once perform'd, he's free.



